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Wednesday, October 29, 1930

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by Eugene Gordon

Wisconsin

The University in the State

by M. C. Otto

Soldiers Old, Soldiers New

by Oswald Garrison Villard

Costigan of Colorado

by William MacLeod Raine

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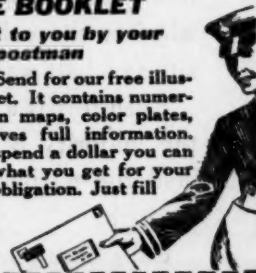
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THE SIMPSON REPORT and the British government's declaration of policy on Palestine, issued at London on October 20, were received with a storm of criticism in Jewish circles. Sir John Simpson reported that the arable land available was strictly limited, that the Arabs have not been receiving sufficient consideration in its allocation, and that Jewish immigration should be better regulated and in some categories entirely stopped until the landless Arabs are better provided for. Lord Passfield, speaking for the British government, in the statement of policy emphasizes British responsibility under the mandate for fair and considerate treatment of Moslems as well as Jews, takes a firm position in favor of the restriction of Jewish immigration, flatly approving the suspension of last May, and states the purpose of the mandatory power to set up a new form of government consisting of a high commissioner and a legislative council, twelve of whose members are to be elected. Finally he declares that the government will carry out its policy firmly, irrespective of "any pressure of threats." The American Jewish Congress by formal resolution denounces the declaration of policy as "a repudiation of the solemn pledge given by the British government to the Jewish people, a violation and breach of the mandate." Dr. Chaim Weizmann is also resigning in protest against the British policy as president of the Jewish Agency for Palestine and head of the Zionist World Organization.

AT LAST THE PRESIDENT has taken official cognizance of the unemployment crisis. During a year of profound depression and deepening distress the chief contribution of the Administration, in addition to a series of widely advertised conferences last fall, has been to issue a number of fatuous announcements of prosperity tomorrow. The President now appoints a committee consisting of six Cabinet officers and the governor of the Federal Reserve Board to formulate "plans continuing and strengthening the organization of federal activities for employment during the winter." We are grateful for this acknowledgment of the seriousness of the situation. That aside, it is hard, in view of past performance, to hope for much more from the Administration than a further development of the masterly inactivity that has marked its dealings with unemployment thus far. There is the same talk of devising plans, as though unemployment had just come upon us suddenly, the same talk of collecting data, the same talk of cooperation with this, that, and the other group. Never was there greater opportunity for a President to rouse public attention to the social menace of unemployment and to initiate those great measures of industrial planning and unemployment insurance that are essential to prevent the recurrence of present conditions. John D. Hunter, superintendent of the United Charities of Chicago, declares: "We are face to face with the worst winter the United Charities has known since 1866." Despite the President's failure to lead, State and city governments, employers large and small, and charitable organizations are all bestirring themselves, both in direct relief undertakings and in efforts to enlarge the volume of employment. It is impossible to prosecute immediate measures with too great zeal, but we cannot afford to let slip the present opportunity to make better provision against the future.

MR. HOOVER needs a mentor. Of course it never entered his head, when he indited his message of greeting and felicitation to American Lutherans, a propos of the four hundredth anniversary of the first reading of the Augsburg Confession, that what he wrote would be interpreted as an affront to Roman Catholics, and it was rather silly of the Reverend John J. Burke, general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, to rush forward with a denunciation of the message as "an insult to many millions of American citizens." Mr. Hoover belongs to a sect noted for its tolerance, and the last thing he would think of doing is to insult anybody about religion or anything else. Nevertheless, he ought to remember that whatever a President says is certain to be carefully scanned, and if he must say something from time to time about history, economics, or other subjects with which he manifestly is not familiar, his words should be scrutinized by some friendly but competent person before they are made public. Assuredly there must be someone in his battalion of assistants and counselors who could have kept him from making so bad a break as that of identifying Luther with "the principle of separation of church and state." One way out of the difficulty would be to have a secretary sign the

communications in Mr. Hoover's behalf, as other sovereigns do. A message of congratulation could then begin with the formula "I am directed by the President to extend to you," etc. If the extension then went too far, the secretary could be made to shoulder the blame and the President's reputation for wisdom and discretion would be unimpaired.

BRITISH HIGH-HANDEDNESS in the treatment of American commerce during the first years of the World War stands sharply revealed in the belated volume of diplomatic correspondence for 1916 just issued by the Department of State. The publication of the volume was delayed, it is said, because of fear that its revelations might have a bad effect on the London naval conference. The fear was well grounded. The documents show, for example, Great Britain arbitrarily preventing hosiery knitting needles made in Germany from reaching the United States, Germany being at the time the only source of American supply, notwithstanding that Great Britain itself was importing the same articles. Mediterranean and Portuguese fruits were allowed to be shipped freely to the Netherlands while American shipments were restricted. Secretary Lansing did not mince words in denouncing these and a long list of similar acts as "violations of fundamental principles of international rights," and, in the case of the American steamer *China*, demanded and obtained an apology for the seizure of thirty-eight Germans by a British cruiser and their eventual release. All this while, it will be remembered, the British government, ably assisted by Ambassador Page, was moving heaven and earth to bring America into the war. The papers also reveal a near break of diplomatic relations with Germany over the sinking of the *Sussex*, and throw some further light on President Wilson's peace overtures to the belligerents.

SECRETARY WILBUR comes under the fire of the People's Legislative Service for retaining the presidency of Stanford University, with its heavy public-utility investments, at the same time that he acts on the Federal Power Commission. The university, it appears, has some \$7,000,000, or about one-fourth of its endowment, in utility bonds, and the companies are also strongly represented on the Stanford board of trustees. Now Secretary Wilbur, plainly enough, will think no differently on the power question whether he is or is not president of Stanford, and of course no one would for an instant suggest interested or improper motives; but the well-known relations thus called once more to attention illustrate afresh the difficulties of public regulation. In appointing F. E. Bonner as executive secretary of the commission, Mr. Wilbur naturally sought the advice of his old friend Paul Downing, president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. Just as naturally he is bound to be affected to some extent by the views of his power associates on the university board of trustees. The companies may be depended on to look after their own interests before the commission. The public must depend on an alert and informed commission to protect its interests. Its membership ought to consist of men without even indirect power connections.

NEWSPAPER OBSERVERS are agreed that the Democrats will make substantial gains in the Congressional elections; Democratic leaders are certain they will; Republican leaders reluctantly admit their party will suffer

a number of losses. It appears merely a question of whether the Democrats will win the House or fall short of control by a few seats. Should they win, it might be worth while for Mr. Hoover to begin looking about him for another residence that will be vacant after March 4, 1933, for the records of elections in the last sixty years show that except upon one questionable occasion (the Tilden-Hayes affair) the party in power that has lost control of the House of Representatives in a mid-term election has invariably lost the White House in the ensuing Presidential election. In 1882 the Republicans lost the House; in 1884 Cleveland, a Democrat, was elected President. In 1890 the Republicans again were swept out of power in the lower chamber; in 1892 Cleveland was elected for his second term. In 1894 the Democrats were routed in the Congressional elections; in 1896 McKinley, a Republican, won the Presidency. In 1910 President Taft saw his party deprived of control of the House; in 1912 Wilson, a Democrat, was voted into the White House. In 1918 the Democrats, despite Wilson's partisan plea to the country, failed to hold the House; in 1920 Harding, a Republican, was elected President. And in 1930 the Democrats stand a good chance of wresting Congressional control from a Republican Administration.

A STORM BEHIND CLOSED DOORS is about all we hear of the President's Law Enforcement Commission. Rumors of disagreement emerge from time to time, but little is definitely known of the deliberations. Chairman Wickersham announced, after the session of early October, that since adjournment would be taken until after Election Day there would not be time to formulate any definite statement on prohibition—which is evidently the moot question—before Congress convened in December. Judge William S. Kenyon, one of Mr. Wickersham's colleagues, a few days later promised to report on prohibition soon after Congress meets. The commission has now been in existence some eighteen months. It was one of Mr. Hoover's first children, and one wonders if he has ever been tempted to disown it. Aside from the somewhat vaporous outpourings of its chairman, and several rather technical recommendations concerning the enforcement of the prohibition laws, it has made no public report of its work. It was created as a fact-finding body and is suspected of having degenerated into a factional political group which will not, or dare not utter a yea or a nay. Meanwhile Chairman Wickersham has distinguished himself by advocating careful inquiry into the results of flogging as a punishment "to determine the desirability of employing it in the war against banditry and racketeers." One can only hope this is not a fair sample of the commission's conclusions when they shall finally be made.

DWIGHT W. MORROW is doing his best to destroy the Morrow myth. Since he accepted the post of Ambassador to Mexico, there has been growing up a tradition of a calm, quiet, courageous business man who will apply a sort of super-intelligence to our pressing political problems. His anti-prohibition speech of last spring brought him praise for its honesty, even from those who disagreed with him. The opening addresses of his formal campaign for the senatorship, however, though admirably non-partisan in form and manner, none the less resolve themselves into a defense of the Hoover Administration and its do-nothing

industrial policy, and a plea for the Republican ticket. The war is responsible for the depression, and courage and faith are the candidate's prescription for ending it. The President is a potent factor for peace. Now, if Mr. Morrow thinks as highly as he seems to do of President Hoover's administration of our affairs, he is perfectly entitled to say so, but he is little likely thereby to add to his reputation as a profound thinker or a farseeing leader of public opinion. If he has original or important ideas on our present distresses, he has concealed them with great success.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT in Germany has been given a six weeks' reprieve. The dictatorship has been postponed, at least until December 3. The Reichstag voted itself this respite. Had it refused to give Chancellor Brüning the support he needed for certain minor but very necessary measures there is no question that President von Hindenburg would have ordered its dissolution and would, under Article 48 of the Weimar constitution, have placed dictatorial powers in the hands of the Cabinet. The Reichstag by a surprising majority approved the legislation needed to legalize the Brüning Government's acceptance of the \$125,000,000 international loan, and the 1930-31 budget with its necessary enabling acts (which were adopted with the help of the Socialists, although in July the Socialists voted against these measures and thus led to the dissolution of July 16), and it also rejected the numerous motions of non-confidence. Nevertheless, the Brüning Cabinet is not yet out of the woods. There is still the task of obtaining parliamentary approval for the drastic financial-reform program, debate on which will probably begin December 3. The plan, principally because of its wage cuts, hits the working classes so much harder than it does the industrialists and the moneyed classes that it is by no means certain the Socialists will support it. Without Socialist help the plan cannot win in the Reichstag.

MEANWHILE THE STREET FIGHTING, symbol of deeply felt political unrest, continues throughout Germany. How many persons have been killed and injured in these minor riots and brawls cannot be accurately stated, but it has been estimated that about 60 have died and perhaps as many as 800 have been wounded or injured since January 1. Following the September 14 elections there was a marked increase both in the number and in the intensity of these riots. Hoodlums have doubtless contributed to this state of affairs—the lowest elements in a community are only too eager to take advantage of opportunities such as those offered in Germany today—but the street fighting cannot be explained away on the grounds of hoodlumism. There have been too many fascists and Communists openly participating in the fighting. The political background of the street battles has been everywhere apparent. Native German caution and level-headedness may be expected to prevent this effervescence from boiling over, but the seriousness of the situation cannot well be denied. Germany stands in danger of an explosion that might readily be felt throughout the Western world.

THE INDIAN DELEGATES to the London Round Table Conference reached Marseilles on October 17. According to a dispatch from George Slocombe to the Lon-

don *Daily Herald*, as reported in the *New York Times*, they have been engaged in drawing up a "minimum constitution," representing the least they can accept at London. Mr. Slocombe quotes Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Moderate leader, as saying, "If all other parties to the conference realize that India will not be satisfied with anything less than the immediate granting of self-government and that we have come prepared to negotiate on this basis, settlement is possible." Of course, "the immediate granting of self-government" means what it means, but if it means what it says, Indian Moderates would appear to have moved surprisingly far toward the position taken by the Nationalists, and agreement at London will seemingly require concessions hitherto deemed impossible by the British government. Conciliation is made no easier by the recent outlawing of 38 All-India Congress organizations, swiftly followed by the arrest and trial of no less than 350 Nationalists in Bombay. Thoughtful and informed men in Great Britain are profoundly concerned.

WE WERE MUCH COMFORTED the other morning by Henry Ford's optimism. He was quoted as saying he thought "that the world is getting to a good, sound basis of working conditions. I think that industry has never been so promisingly active as it is today." Germany, he noted, "seems to be very prosperous and busy." In France "everybody is working." Conditions in England "are infinitely better than two years ago." Mr. Ford probably has access to inside information that is denied the rest of us. We really should, therefore, discount the sad tales of economic depression coming to us from Europe. It does not seem possible that Germany can have 3,000,000 unemployed workers and be faced with a financial crisis if it is actually "very prosperous." The Berlin correspondents are probably in league with the Wall Street bears, and Chancellor Brüning is undoubtedly putting up a big bluff in declaring that "a large class of the German people is meeting with increasing want and privation." Labor in England has probably invented the unemployment crisis there for political purposes and falsified the foreign-trade statistics, which show a continuing slump. Nevertheless, Mr. Ford ought to be commended for supporting his convictions by raising the wages of Ford workers in Germany.

THE NATION takes pleasure in noting the addition of the new Yale undergraduate publication, the *Harkness Hoot*, to the ranks of the lively periodicals. The *Hoot* has more dignity than its name might indicate, but it is none the less outspoken in its revolt. Its editors, William Harlan Hale and Seldon Rodman, two seniors who were active last year as editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, announce that they "observed with intense disappointment that publication's total lack of influence in the undergraduate world, its self-conscious removal from campus interests, its artiness and preciousness. . . . Always conservative, the *Lit.* has become meaningless to the undergraduate mind." *Hoot* announces that it will rely on tradition "only as a basis to start from, not to fall back upon." It regrets the absence of inspiring personalities, with a few exceptions, among the Yale faculty, crushes William Lyon Phelps by adroitly quoting his own banalities under gaily malicious titles, and reveals its serious side by publishing a thoughtful article by Mr. Hale on the outlook of that generation now "Twenty or Over."

The Political Grab-Bag

THE United States in recent decades appears to have lost its once lively interest in politics. The general run of candidates for public office has in these later years been noticeably declining in quality. Most of the men and women asking to be sent to Congress or to be placed in high State offices at the coming elections show no deviation from this general downward tendency. Studying the current list of more than a thousand candidates is enough to make honest men break down and weep. Here and there are outstanding exceptions, candidates of independence and courage, of genuinely liberal tendencies, but these exceptions are few in number.

Public apathy is at least partly responsible for the overwhelming proportion of nondescript candidates offering themselves for fat political jobs at the Tuesday elections. There was a time when the United States was one vast political forum. The average adult American could name offhand a dozen Senators, a dozen governors, and perhaps a score of Congressmen. He knew about their records and what they stood for; he took his politics seriously and to a certain degree intelligently. Today he evidently no longer cares. There are few Americans who even know the names of the Congressmen from their districts. Political interest is alive throughout the nation but once every four years, when it comes time to elect a President, and then the interest is only superficial and certainly not remarkably intelligent. What has happened is difficult to say. Perhaps the never ceasing concentration of power and influence in the White House is to blame. Perhaps the fault lies with the increasing revelations of corruption in high office, which tend to make cynics of potential voters.

There is still another factor, which appears to us to be the most likely explanation for the widespread apathy toward political activity. That is the complete lack of political issues. Between them the two major parties cannot find a single genuine issue over which to quarrel with sufficient sincerity to arouse enthusiasm and discussion among the voters. There are wets and dries, protectionists and low-tariff men, industrialists and agrarians, capitalists and workers, militarists and pacifists, reactionaries and progressives in both parties. Gone are the days when the country was readily divided along clear-cut political lines on such questions as slavery, free silver, or the tariff. Whenever a likely-looking issue appears the politicians in both parties cry it down again for the sake of party harmony. We need a new political alignment on the basis of the issues of today, not those of 1860.

Whatever may be the cause, it is clear that there can be no revival of popular political activity, let alone any hope of a genuine liberal movement on a national scale, until the voters again take a serious interest in politics. Candidates and their records should be closely examined and studied. Remembering Calvin Coolidge's warning as to office-seekers that "the best we can get will be none too good," intelligent voters will in every case cast their ballots for the best candidates, that is, for those who are well informed, honest, and progressive, rather than vote for inferior candidates simply because the best man has no visible chance of winning.

The Nation offers the following names as representative of the type of candidate it will feel greatly encouraged to see not only well supported, but safely elected on November 4:

GEORGE W. NORRIS, Republican, for Senator from Nebraska, because of his complete incorruptibility, his lifelong support of progressive principles, his unyielding opposition to the power trust;

GIFFORD PINCHOT, Republican and Progressive, for Governor of Pennsylvania, because of his outstanding liberalism and his fight for conservation and against special privilege, particularly in the power field;

EDWARD P. COSTIGAN, Democrat, for Senator from Colorado, because of his consistently progressive record and his notable service in fighting against the prostitution of the Tariff Commission to purposes of private plunder;

PHILIP LA FOLLETTE, Republican, for Governor of Wisconsin, because of his championship of the high ideals for which his father fought;

WILBUR L. CROSS, Democrat, for Governor of Connecticut, because of his independent spirit and his liberalism;

CORDELL HULL, Democrat, for Senator from Tennessee, because of his uncompromising fight against the protective tariff;

JAMES COUZENS, Republican, for Senator from Michigan, because of his completely independent position in politics and his campaign to increase government control of the radio trust and related power interests;

JAMES ROLPH, Republican, for Governor of California, because of his marked liberal leanings and because of our strong hope that he will see justice done Mooney and Billings;

R. A. COLLINS, Democrat, for Representative from the Fifth Mississippi District, because of his persistent and unwavering fight against the militarists in Congress;

NORMAN THOMAS, Socialist, for Representative from the Sixth New York District, because of his demonstrated ability to master the details of governmental problems and to use them effectively in popular education, and because of his intelligent and forward-looking political views;

HEYWOOD BROWN, Socialist, for Representative from the Seventeenth New York District, because of his sincere desire to promote the welfare of the working classes, his refreshing and original attitude toward politics, and his promise of making Congress interesting;

F. M. DAVENPORT, Republican, for Representative from the Thirty-third New York District, because of his notably progressive record in the New York Assembly and in Congress and because of his efforts to improve the standards of American diplomacy through reorganization of the State Department.

There are others who could be mentioned here and it is the duty of liberal and progressive voters to seek them out and give them whole-hearted support. *The Nation's* list is necessarily incomplete, but we believe it presents the sort of candidates who may be counted upon to bring the country closer to intelligent and honest government.

Heckling Free Trade

NOT for many years has British trade policy been subjected to such a vigorous attack as the meeting of the Imperial Conference has precipitated, nor to one whose outcome could with less confidence be predicted. There was a general expectation, especially after the Conservative victory in Canada, that the question of imperial trade would prove to be the most important item in the agenda of the conference, and that the demand of the British Conservatives, led by Stanley Baldwin, for protective duties on British imports, joined to the spectacular championship by Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook of free trade within the Empire and a tariff wall against trade from outside, would have at least the tactical effect of putting the historic policy of free trade for Great Britain on the defensive. It is not wholly surprising, however, that the ambitions and rivalries of domestic politics in the United Kingdom should be dragged in to complicate a consideration of imperial interests, or that the conference, confronted with an array of projects and counter-projects, should find that any course except delay is beset with difficulties.

The two problems before the conference are, first, how to revive the declining trade of Great Britain and check the growth of unemployment without raising the cost of food and materials, and, second, how to insure imperial trade preference without impeding the industrial development of the dominions or restricting their trade with foreign countries. None of the proposals thus far brought forward goes to the bottom of either of these questions. The plan outlined by R. B. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, for imperial preference based upon a 10 per cent increase in present or future British or dominion tariffs on foreign goods necessarily involved a protective tariff on British foreign imports, since without a general tariff that could be raised there could be no preference. The invincible opposition of Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to protection in any form makes it reasonably certain that there will be no protective tariff for Great Britain as long as Mr. Snowden remains in office, at the same time that his optimistic prediction of a coming trade revival on a great scale, if borne out, would rob the demand for protection of much of its force. On the other hand, Prime Minister MacDonald, who a short time ago was believed to be leaning toward a 10 per cent general tariff so contrived as not to add to the cost of food, has not only declared against protection as a remedy for unemployment, but has espoused a policy of "back to the land" as the remedy which the Labor Government would bring forward at the next session of Parliament.

Pending the submission of the land program the Labor Government, in the person of William Graham, president of the Board of Trade, has commended to the conference a quota system under which the British imports of wheat and other designated commodities would be apportioned among the dominions and purchases from the dominions materially increased. The plan, it is said, does not contemplate price fixing, but private trading in the quota articles would of course have to be subjected to government regulation in order to assure the maintenance of the quotas. A system

analogous in principle to that which was enforced during the World War would thus be set up in time of peace. Mr. Baldwin, who has previously favored the quota arrangement, has gone the government several points better by promising that if the Conservatives are returned to power, the protective policy of "safeguarding" shall be thoroughly applied, home-grown wheat shall have the benefit of a guaranteed price, the dumping of bounty-fed oats shall be stopped together with that of foreign fruits and vegetables, and foreign barley shall be taxed. A wheat tax, he added, could be avoided by requiring a prescribed percentage of domestic wheat to be used in all flour baked in England.

There, for the moment, the matter rests. No one has yet been able to show how protective duties, guaranteed prices, or obligatory use of domestic products could avoid enhancing food costs in Great Britain, or how Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa are to be induced to buy larger quantities of British goods in return for increased British takings from them. The quota scheme would of course necessitate an apportionment of the quota commodities among the dominions producing them, with abundant opportunity for charges of unfair discrimination, and the most-favored-nation privilege accorded by commercial treaties might become an issue if foreign importations were systematically barred. It is to be hoped that Mr. MacDonald, who has been a disappointing leader in the great debate, may back Mr. Snowden without reservation, and that between them the protectionist assault may be stayed. The least concession to protection by Great Britain would bolster the evils of protection throughout the world.

Who Was Extravagant?

OUR extravagance is the latest-discovered cause of the present business distress. According to Eugene R. Black, governor of the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank, speaking to the investment bankers at New Orleans:

We have been living in an automobile, a Frigidaire, a radio era, and we have been sitting in an atmosphere of a Corona-Corona. We cannot pay our debts and continue to live in that atmosphere. Let us not fool ourselves. . . . I do not agree with those men who say that in America there must be no retrogression from the present high grade of living. We cannot have any permanent prosperity when there is a load of debt around our necks.

Mr. Black politely named no names, but it needs no Solomon to discern that he was thinking of President Hoover's remarks at Cleveland:

It appears from the press that someone suggested in your discussion that our American standards of living should be lowered. To that I emphatically disagree. . . . Any retreat from our American philosophy of constantly increasing standards of living becomes a retreat into perpetual unemployment and the acceptance of a cesspool of poverty for some large part of our people.

Let us examine Mr. Hoover's remarks first. Nobody wants living standards lowered, of course, but when production slows down, incomes decline with it, either through lowered wages and salaries, or, as more largely during the

past year, through short time or unemployment. Then people who habitually live up to their income, as most people do, have got to live more poorly, just as millions are doing today, and our sacred American standards of living are lowered in fact, just as is happening today, no matter what our oratorical refusal to make a "retreat from our American philosophy" into a "cesspool of poverty." That is the stubborn fact.

Then what about Mr. Black's contention that life in a "Corona-Corona atmosphere" has landed and is keeping us in our present slough of despond? Let Mr. Black's homely remarks about the evils of debt be given full weight by a people not devoted to thrift. His explanation, however, does not take us far. True, during the mad times ending in 1929 people in vast numbers bought on credit, getting automobiles and Frigidaires and radios far beyond their ability to pay out of current income. During those years the instalment system swelled our credit capacity by some billions of dollars, and everyday people, given the opportunity, lived up to it. But who devised the instalment system? To take only the most prominent example, it was the automobile manufacturers, who wanted to make and sell more machines than the public could and would buy out of their current income. To get them to buy, the manufacturers then induced the people, who doubtless ought to have been more strong-minded, to mortgage their future income. As a result of the success of this maneuver the manufacturers have built perhaps three-quarters more automobile plants than we can keep fully at work. Who has devised every modern expansion of credit that has taken place in times of peace? It has been the banker and the business man, who have found a profit in giving people (including business men) credit so that they could buy more goods than their current income would pay for.

The cause of the expansion that brought the inevitable smash, then, was not our "extravagance" or the artificially high "American standard of living" made temporarily possible by the rash use of credit thrust upon people. Underneath these phenomena lie the imperfections of a business and credit system that offers bankers and business men profits from affording people facilities for being "extravagant." Even if extravagance were the root cause of our trouble, there would be no use exhorting people now to stop being extravagant; for about the only ones living in a Corona-Corona atmosphere today are perhaps some of Mr. Black's banking and big-business friends. His homily, we take it, is addressed not to them but to the silk-shirt brigades of 1919 and the two-car white-collar-worker families of 1929. As these groups are already flat on their backs if they are not on the street, there is little need today to urge them to quit their extravagance. By all means let those who live on wages and salaries live within their means if they can, but let them not humbly accept an undeserved responsibility for the present plight of business and production. Instead, let us all, bankers and business men and farmers and workers together, see if we cannot work out a system of credit and business control that will not encourage an unconscious conspiracy between bankers and business men whereby the former loosen their purse strings to us all while the latter break down our sales resistance with all the arts of modern advertising and high-powered salesmanship. That was the "extravagance" that brought the boom that brought the smash. Let us look in the right direction for its correction.

The American Hotel

A FORTY-SIX-STORY palace skyscraper hotel is rising on Park Avenue today and exactly 101 years ago the old Tremont House in Boston opened its doors, America's first "modern" hotel. Between these extremes a century of mechanical miracles stretches its length. The new Waldorf-Astoria will be equipped with all the baths and radio sets and running ice water and uniformed lackeys and private garages that New Yorkers have come to expect of the hotel of today. The old Tremont House, as described in Jefferson Williamson's "The American Hotel,"* as a tremendous innovation lighted its public rooms with the new-fangled gaslight, although the bedrooms—private bedrooms, mind you, instead of the dormitory effect that inns usually provided—were furnished with candles. The plumbing, of the very latest variety, consisted of cold water laid on in the kitchen, laundry, and basement "bathing-rooms." And most novel of all, every bedroom was supplied with its own cake of yellow soap. Yet the Tremont House by no means lacked splendor. Built at the then tremendous cost of \$300,000, its architecture was dignified and imposing, its office—which began to be called the lobby about 1850—had a marble floor, its main dining-room was seventy feet long and decorated to the hilt, and its manager for the first time in American hotel history was filled with zeal for his guest's comfort.

The history of the American hotel is in miniature the social history of the country. The tavern, whose guest demanded no more than a full stomach and space to lie down, followed the frontier as it proceeded westward. In the effete East the frontier was going out of fashion as quickly as possible. America, the young democracy, built its hotels in lieu of the palaces it might not have; the hotel guests were the kings, each a monarch in his own right. And, like monarchs, they behaved royally, demanding the best and getting it. In the fifty years that followed the opening of the Tremont House the gaslight began to give way to electric light, the cold water in the basement was replaced by elegant bathrooms with walnut-and-mahogany-inclosed plumbing, guests who had toiled up six flights of stairs now rode airily in an elevator, and steam heat, the telephone, and meals à la carte at all hours made the hotel guest's life worth living.

Nothing in the evolution of the modern hotel is more interesting than the rise—and fall—of the hotel clerk. At first the first assistant to the host, the man who received guests, dispensed room keys and advice, and did the carving for the midday meal, he speedily advanced, as the elegance of the lobby around him increased, to a position of influence and splendor surpassed by few public men. He was, by tradition, the possessor and the proud wearer of as many diamonds as his shirt-front would hold; he could quell a temerarious guest with a look; he was a man of affairs, an authority on the life of the city. Those persons who today still admit a timidity in the presence of the hotel clerk—pale descendant as he is of his proud ancestor—come honestly enough by their fears. Even in a democratic puddle, there may be a biggest frog. And in his lucrative dealing in diamonds, which he lavishly bought and sold, the hotel clerk was the forerunner of the racketeer.

* Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50.

Soldiers Old, Soldiers New

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I

Coblenz, October 6

IMAGINE a great plateau high above a city on the Rhine, framed on two sides by tall autumn-tinged trees and offering on the left beautiful views to the hills on the banks of the river; elsewhere charming prospects to far-distant hills which at the horizon, under a dark, lowering sky, appear to be mountains. Picture to yourself next in the right angle made by the trees in the background four small, well-separated grandstands with a high speakers' tower in front of the first. Then look from the grandstands and people over the plain before you upon a sea of men in uniform, 167,000 strong—so the loud speakers insist—and you have a vision of the eleventh annual field day of the Stahlhelm, the militaristic American Legion of Germany.

It is indeed a sea of humanity—I use this overworked, worn-out phrase deliberately because the field-gray of the uniforms and the unending ranks of men do suggest waves of the ocean. But the waves of the ocean are restless; this mass of gray humanity stands for hours and hours in a wet field without food or drink, yet without restlessness, with perfect discipline. At no time is there a marked volume of sound from them; not even when the command "at rest" comes after long standing at attention with knapsacks on backs. And these are by no means youths; the bulk of the "Steel Helmets" are men who fought for four years—to be a *Front-Stahlhelmer* one must have been six months on a firing line. Here and there are officers fairly covered with decorations; the number of iron crosses one sees is incalculable. Many of the men have traveled two nights and a day without sleep; 1,700 motor buses have helped to bring them from all parts of Germany. They have been quartered from Leipzig to Bingen-on-the-Rhine. Every *Gau*, or district, has brought more men than it notified headquarters it expected to furnish. Hence a delay of two and a quarter hours in the beginning of the ceremonies while steamers make additional trips to nearby towns to bring patient men to join the still more patient waiting throngs, whose composure is in no wise affected by two sharp drenching showers.

Men in gray, men in gray, still they come. At last the end. Then a salute of eleven guns, and the leaders arrive with much ceremony to take their places on the speakers' stand. They receive no greeting cheer. These are soldiers, not idle spectators, before them. Even then the speeches do not begin. From the right flank comes a procession of no less than 1,200 flags, flags of all the branches and districts and sections and states, chiefly the German battle-flag, since the Stahlhelm is forbidden to use the old black, white, and red of the empire and will not carry the white, red, and gold of the republic. In the stiff wind the flags flutter gloriously, the varied colors more vivid than if the sun were shining. Franz Seldte, the commander and founder, gives the order "*Das Ganze—kehrt*" and the whole mass faces the flags as they pass around the rear of the assemblage. For forty minutes the soldiers stand rigidly at attention; for forty minutes a band pounds out one single marching air; for forty

minutes Seldte and his second in command, ex-Lieutenant Colonel Duesterberg, stand at the salute. Not until this theatrical spectacle is over can the exercise begin with praise of the dead of the war by a clergyman, introduced by a superb hymn played by massed bands.

Yes, there are clergymen still to be found here to lend themselves to this pagan worship of Mars. This one, like our Mannings at home, is on intimate terms with God, whom he has apparently forgiven for granting victory to the Allies and permitting them to occupy German territory for twelve long years. At least he is as certain today as his brethren were at the outbreak of the war that the Germans are a chosen people; that God has great things still in store for them if they will but unite in the spirit of the Stahlhelm. More than that, he is certain that the two million Germans who fell did not die in vain. That he iterates and reiterates. Somehow out of their suffering, out of the waste of their lives, Germany is to be made over, according to the prescription of physician Seldte. This prescription, after another moving national hymn sung by all, Herr Seldte proceeds to give once more. It is no firebrand speech; his utterances, like Hitler's, are taming down. With his demand for a revision of the Versailles treaty, for the withdrawal of the monstrous lie that Germany was solely guilty of beginning the World War, every liberal can agree. Sinister, however, is the slogan he again voices: "Victory rests upon sacrifices and arms." For the Hitler victory at the polls Seldte takes the credit, for it was the Stahlhelm, he says, which led in the work of freeing Germany from internal and external enemies. He reads—to "bravos"—the resolutions just passed by the board of directors and sees no inconsistency in urging complete political unity for all Germans while demanding also the complete abandonment of the "fruitless Marxism of the Prussian dictatorship"—Duesterberg had put it more clearly the day before, saying that "that nation which first removes the poison of Marxism from its veins by a nationalism embracing all classes will win the war." Germany has only to follow the Stahlhelm and unite itself, and then "the Germans alone, in spite of everything, will be the true victors in the first [!] World War." Neither of these self-appointed leaders knows exactly how the twelve or more million Germans who voted for the Communists and Socialists are to be weaned from Marxism—save perhaps by knocking them on their heads. But still they cry: "Away with all petty quarrelings of brothers"—and still they are certain that they are on the high road to achieving all the purposes of the Stahlhelm. And while they put their faith in sacrifice and arms, they declare in the next breath that they know that Germany can carry on no war today and that they are for achieving their ends by legal means. Of course, we also hear the familiar words of the American Legion: "We, having known war, want peace."

Franz Seldte has finished. In unison the bands play and the crowd sings—the Deutschland song. Next the dedication of the flags of the newly organized districts—this flag business plays an enormous part in the life of the Stahlhelm.

And then as Seldte and Duesterberg march past the front lines of the troops, like kings and field marshals of old, the crowd of spectators melts away—among them three genuine Italian Fascists, numerous brown-shirted fascist followers of Hitler, the vicious anti-Semite Hakenkreuzler, and the correspondent of the *Paris Matin*, with plenty of material to stir the anger and blood of Poincaré, the French nationalists, the Camelots du Roi. Is there, indeed, not a magnificent army *in posse* here? My neighbor, who wears its uniform, told me so last evening at supper. Large enough, he thinks, to beat France. . . . But if the crowd hurries off, the soldiers stay. Not until eleven hours after their arrival does the tail end of the procession, twenty-seven kilometers in length, leave the field.

A great day for the Stahlhelm—its greatest, so they say around me. Many more present than in Berlin, far more than in Munich, and every man paid for his transportation out of his own pocket. One hundred and sixty-seven thousand men, not even one-tenth of the German war dead. These fields beyond the living could hold all the wickedly butchered. But they would crowd the green-and-brown-carpeted hillside even to the very edge with its somber trees. If these ghosts stand there, what are they saying of this return to the worship of the god that cost them their lives and plunged all Europe into desolation?

It is pleasanter to go down to the city and stand in front of the castle by the reviewing stand. By four in the afternoon the hosts appear; not until nine does the last *Gau* come into sight. The impressiveness of that review cannot be denied. These men, after this exhausting day without food and the sleepless nights, are amazingly vigorous, their bearing erect, their strength unchallenged. Clean-shaven, even the Bavarians (what has become of the German beard?), with only a very few Falstaffian paunches and strikingly few spectacles. These older men have kept themselves in marvelous physical trim since the war. Indeed, it is the veterans who do the historic goose-step best as they pass in front of the leaders and who win the "bravos" of the experts around me. The younger men, the new crop of Stahlhelms, are green enough in their marching and often pale-faced.

Here comes a group of miners from Essen clad in medieval guild uniforms to break the monotony of the field-gray. Whenever laboring men appear—and there are many, for the Stahlhelm is bent upon making inroads into the unions—the crowd applauds and cries out the Stahlhelm fascist salute, *Front-Heil* (success, or fortune, at the front). The younger men chant it like a college boy's slogan; as they go down the narrow street into the town they answer the *Front-Heil* of sympathetic townspeople with the fascist arm salute. Alongside the reviewing stand, among the onlookers, is no less a person than the Crown Prince himself, with two of his brothers, watching the honors go to Seldte and Duesterberg. Night before last he took the salute at the grand tattoo which marked the ending of the torchlight parade. They say he was cheered; pictures of him sold well in the crowd. Yet it would be idle to claim that he made a stir; the local newspapers hardly mentioned his appearance. As for the crowds, even for Sunday, they were not great. The Stahlhelm sympathizers were there, but not the workers and the mass of middle-class people, and of these is Germany.

A million men the Stahlhelm claims. There are still

sixty million Germans. Seldte's work is but begun; it has begun enough to injure Germany by stirring the chauvinists abroad to bitterness and rage. It has earned the right, both by its numbers and by the enthusiasm of its members, to be taken seriously. It is, finally, the direct product of Versailles, of the foolish and stupid policy of the Allies, notably the French, of the twelve years of occupation by foreign troops, of the demand for impossible reparations payments, and of the steadfast refusal of the war victors to disarm and to keep their solemn pledges given in the Treaty of Versailles. When the Stahlhelm demands a return to the Wilson program of the Fourteen Points, it takes a sound and entirely justifiable position. To the Allies' violation of their armistice pledges is above all else due the extraordinary, the impressive, the entirely saddening, and, probably, the menacing spectacle I have just described.

II

Soldiers new in Germany have been on trial in Leipzig on charges of high treason before the Supreme Court of the Reich. The verdict, dismissal for the two active officers and a year and a half in a fortress for the three accused, less the time already served, was cabled two days ago. What has interested me has been less whether they were really guilty of treason than what manner of men these new Reichswehr officers are. They told their story plainly in court. If there is bitter disappointment in democratic circles here, it can be understood. For they and the Allies intended that this should be a democratic army. The old cadet corps, in one of which Hindenburg was educated, were abolished, and service in the ranks was made the only avenue to commissioned rank. The old hateful caste distinction between officers and men was successfully done away with, for from the September maneuvers here come excellent reports of the camaraderie of officers and men. Instead of sitting far apart in the rest periods, the correspondents report that the men gathered around their officers as the center of their life. That neither discipline nor efficiency has suffered is similarly the testimony of observers; indeed, only the highest praise is given to the troops, and the men are reported to have responded to the terrific demands upon them in a remarkable way.

All the more striking, therefore, is the evidence brought out at Leipzig, not only by the prisoners at the bar but by numerous witnesses, that the new Reichswehr is deeply affected by the nationalist movement; that numerous officers have begun to dabble in politics, to take sides between the Left and the Right parties, and to show the same tendencies toward megalomania and militaristic exaltation of their profession which was so objectionable in a large portion of the officer caste in the old army and navy. The two active officers, Lieutenants Ludin and Scheringer, are certified by their superiors to have been most excellent officers. One is the son of a professor, the other of a retired general. What was their grievance? The army was not being conducted "nationally enough," said Lieutenant Ludin. More should have been done to protect the officers. From what? Why, "in the newspapers, theaters, and literature, the army and the officers are being constantly attacked. The government has done nothing against this." "Do you think that the government can close the theaters if there are isolated instances of attacks upon the army or its officers?" asked the presiding judge. "Yes, indeed," Lieutenant Ludin replied, "that the

government could have done." Obviously, he and his fellows were but a step from the point of view that led officers to run any civilian through who "insulted the uniform."

A little later, Lieutenant Ludin denounced the government, saying: "We can have no confidence in the government of this republic which continually thinks like pacifists and does not protect the interests of the army." A final grievance of Lieutenant Scheringer was that their commander in Ulm had once ordered them not to appear in the streets in uniform at a time of Communist demonstrations and much excitement. Other military witnesses declared that the government was "pulling the ethical ground out from under them by its conduct." When asked whether they would shoot their fellow-citizens by order, some of the witnesses said that they would shoot either Communists or Nationalists if they were ordered to do so, but it was evident that it would be far easier for them to give the order to fire on the Communists than on those who "think nationally." "That is the most difficult question you could put to us," said one officer. Another declared that there was a great difference between loyalty to the constitution of the republic and to the country itself. One could be loyal to the constitution and still be opposed to an administration which did not think nationalistically enough. Lieutenant Scher-

inger openly stated, by the way, that he thought the Reichswehr should never shoot at the National-Socialists.

The Leipzig court had a difficult task before it. The prisoners were obviously very young, mentally undeveloped, and politically entirely uneducated. Their testimony suggested commonplace freshmen rather than officers of twenty-five or twenty-six who had risen from the ranks. If the court found them guilty, it knew that they would be treated as martyrs by the Hitlerites. If the court dismissed them as *dumme Jungen* (stupid boys) it would appear to them and their associates that they had the right to go ahead to organize the Reichswehr politically as a branch of Hitler's "Nazis," and it would encourage such Socialists as may happen to be in the service to recruit for their party. In other words, it would be giving permission to the Reichswehr to destroy itself by internal political conflicts or to become, perhaps, the instrument of a single party—even though that party should be, as Hitler's is today, a minority party. To that, however "nationally" it thinks, the great bulk of the German people do not belong and, I believe, will not belong unless driven to it by suffering, want, economic and spiritual misery and exhaustion, and the criminal folly and stupidity the Allies and America have shown in dealing with Germany from the day of its surrender to the present hour.

Costigan of Colorado

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE

WHEN Edward P. Costigan came back to Denver from Harvard nearly three decades ago there was more than a suggestion about him of the young crusader. He was always ready to break a lance for a worthy forlorn hope. He had a passion for justice. He learned soon enough that the issue of the battle was not simple, that lies have a tremendous vitality. But he was not daunted and he has continued to challenge false standards for thirty years. Today he is as completely dedicated to public service as he was in those years of enthusiastic youth.

Yet Costigan's vision has always been a practical one. He has a sure instinct for what is possible and what is not. Running on the Democratic ticket today in Colorado for the United States Senate, he offers a definite and concrete program for the immediate future. No explanation of Ed Costigan explains him which does not take into account the fact that his fire is tempered by indomitable persistence, by a capacity for endless work, by a steady judgment based upon clear reasoning and logic.

As early as his high-school days Costigan was marked for success. His family had ample means. He has a gift for oratory, a fascinating personality, a manner of deferential courtesy almost old-fashioned. Men naturally yield to his leadership. His intellect is both keen and thorough. If he had been a conformist he might have sailed on the breezes of social and professional approval to great political preferment. Instead, he enlisted as a lifelong recruit in the struggle for popular government and economic justice. He was the organizer and for several years the attorney of the Honest Elections League. In the formation of the Direct Legislation League he took an active part and drafted most of the

laws submitted to the people for the initiative, referendum, and recall. The politics of Denver were then controlled by the public-utility corporations, and in the campaigns to free the city Costigan did valiant service. Under his leadership the people twice frustrated an attempt of the Denver Union Water Company to obtain an unjust franchise.

Colorado has waged a long fight for fair freight rates. Costigan took part in it as attorney for the Denver Chamber of Commerce. In 1909, representing the Maricopa County Commerce Club, he won his case before the Interstate Commerce Commission, a brilliant victory that saved for the people of Arizona about \$2,000,000 annually. Two years later he was a member of the committee which drew up a stringent anti-pass and railway commission bill. In the revolt of Denver against what was known as the "big mitt," the domination of its politics by a corrupt machine, Costigan was one of the forceful leaders who brought about the overthrow of the spoilers. In the same year, 1912, he ran as the Progressive candidate for governor of the State on a platform based upon industrial justice. At the next election he sacrificed himself to be again the standard-bearer of the reform party. During one of these campaigns the regular Republicans attempted to make a trade with him. Costigan was to get the governorship, the machine candidates one of the United States senatorships and some of the State offices. Costigan declined.

Not the least useful of Costigan's services have been those which arose out of the coal strike of 1913-14 in Colorado. He represented the United Mine Workers of America as counsel before the Congressional committee sent to the field to investigate the causes of the strike and conditions in

the mines. Later he was accredited spokesman for the miners before the United States Industrial Relations Committee in long hearings both at Denver and New York. His presentation and analysis of facts and conditions involved in the coal-mining industry of Colorado were recognized everywhere as an outstanding contribution to the subject. Never had it been made more clear that society had a right to demand the abolition of feudalism in industry because of its menace to industrial peace, or that collective capital could not ethically refuse to deal with collective labor under the modern system of mass production.

After the strike Costigan and Horace N. Hawkins defended those coal miners selected as test cases. The writer of this article reported for the United Press the trial for murder of John R. Lawson, the leader of the miners. The defense was brilliantly convincing, but the conviction was a foregone conclusion. To me it seemed a flagrant miscarriage of justice. Costigan and Hawkins carried the case to the State Supreme Court and had the judgment reversed. Later four other miners were tried at Castle Rock and acquitted on the first ballot by a fair jury of farmers. In this case, too, Costigan was one of the attorneys.

Because of the liberal economic policy of the Democratic Administration during President Wilson's first term, Costigan supported Wilson against Hughes. During the war Wilson selected the young Coloradoan to go to Europe as his personal representative to confer with delegates of the Allied Powers in regard to trade agreements and commercial treaties. In 1917 President Wilson appointed Costigan a member of the recently created United States Tariff Commission. After eleven years of service Costigan resigned. The last six years of his membership on the commission were a period of unbroken fighting in behalf of the public interest against the increasing control of that body by special interests. At the time of his resignation the commission, as a result of the Harding and Coolidge appointments, had long ceased to be a scientific group of investigators working on behalf of the nation. Costigan's letter of resignation, addressed to Senator Joseph T. Robinson, chairman of the Senate investigating committee, is a remarkable indictment of the policy of those who have been in control of our government.

In conclusion [he writes] may I say that I do not exaggerate the present issue. I fully realize that the manipulation of the Tariff Commission since 1922 is but part of the total picture of present-day Washington. In an era which history may yet summarize as the age of Daugherty, Fall, and Sinclair . . . in which another governmental body, the Federal Trade Commission, is widely looked upon as the legitimate prey of those who deal in the unfair practices that commission was created to destroy . . . in which even the national Senate is not immune against the trespass and dictates of powerful lobbies . . . the fate and fortunes of the Tariff Commission may be thought unimportant. Yet no part of the public edifice can be undermined without danger to the whole structure. Public service still demands public fidelity. And the ancient right of remonstrance remains. An official witness of law violations, I have successively appealed to the President and to Congress. One further dissent is in order. I am therefore returning my official commission to the government.

Returning to Colorado, Costigan at once allied himself with the most liberal industrial experiment in the State, the attempt of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Company to prove

that such a corporation could profitably exist and at the same time deal justly with its employees. Miss Josephine Roche, together with Merle E. Vincent and John R. Lawson, was struggling against heavy odds. Costigan joined with them to formulate the company policy, one which includes the principle of independent collective bargaining between organized union workers and the operator, and recognition of the public interest involved in the coal industry.

Costigan's Republican opponent for the Senate is George H. Shaw, one of Henry L. Doherty's lieutenants, an attorney for the Public Service Company of Colorado. His chief claim to fame is that he engineered the campaign by means of which his company secured in Denver a franchise that the people will some day bitterly regret. Shaw's main contribution to the campaign so far is the statement that the farmers of eastern Colorado could make money on wheat if it went down to fifty cents a bushel.

Costigan states his position clearly and without equivocation. To meet unemployment he urges an elastic program of public works paralleling to some extent business conditions, restrictions on immigration in periods of depression, more efficient federal employment agencies, and a scientific advance in the direction of old-age and unemployment insurance. For the aid of agriculture he advocates the improvement of market conditions, increased cooperative agencies, the stabilizing of farm-products prices, and intermediate credit banks. He believes also in a bounty on sugar, to be raised from a tariff based upon the difference in competitive conditions in Cuba and the United States and not upon the demands of a lobby.

Costigan would vote for the repeal of the present tariff in favor of one scientifically prepared by impartial fact-finding, to be grounded on national interest rather than the greed of monopolists. Naturally he is interested in legislation having to do with industrial relations. Laws that recognize the rights and dignity of labor, that eliminate abuses by courts of injunction and contempt proceedings would be favored by him. That he would oppose any private gobbling of Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, or other nationally owned resources goes without saying. He is particularly impressed by the need of dominating the big power corporations before they dominate us.

But any set program that Costigan has discussed is of far less importance than his record and his character. All his life he has been an attorney for the people. He always will be. One cannot know Edward P. Costigan without appreciating his integrity, force, courage, dignity, and intellect. His campaign is entirely candid. He has nothing to conceal. If elected he will go to the Senate unhampered by pledges or secret understandings. He is not only free from entangling alliances but from the mental habits and the inhibitions which play so large a part in determining the public acts of our representatives. He will be a thorn in the side of the standpatter. He is a great debater. His mind has the rapier thrust. Yet he never loses his temper. Concealed behind his suave courtesy, his deceptive indolence of manner, his cool half-sarcastic smile, are an alertness and preparedness disconcerting to opponents. In Washington Costigan would be entirely indifferent to social pressure, to the subtle flattery that appeals so strongly to many new men at the Capitol. In conclusion, let me add a personal opinion, one not shared by the business and professional men of Denver. I believe Costigan will be elected.

On the College Frontier V. Wisconsin's Experience*

By M. C. OTTO

RECENT educational innovations at the University of Wisconsin have received considerable publicity. Experiments conducted there, especially the notable one under the leadership of Mr. Meiklejohn, have been widely discussed and have aroused an extraordinary amount of interest. Seen in perspective, these innovations are experiments within another and larger experiment to which the university has been committed for a generation or more, that of defining and actualizing a democratic higher education. This article is devoted to this more inclusive issue.

When Charles McCarthy had completed his book on the Wisconsin conception of higher education, he feared lest his enthusiasm might seem to have clouded his judgment. "I crave the reader's pardon," he wrote, "on the score that I, a wandering student seeking knowledge, came knocking at the gates of the great University of Wisconsin; it took me in, filled me with inspiration, and when I left its doors the kindly people of the State stretched out welcoming hands and gave me a man's work to do." In this conception—knowledge joined with inspiration and put to work for the common good—he epitomized the educational enterprise of the university in its greatest period, the decade or more before the war. It was this purpose, magnificently applied in this period, which caused Wisconsin to be looked upon as an outstanding attempt at democratic education.

Professors in privately endowed universities invariably express concern for teachers in State universities because these institutions are naturally responsive to the commonwealths in which they are located. This concern is often mixed with sympathy, sometimes with condescension. Obviously, an institution of higher learning runs a risk in being thus related to the people at large, whether directly or through their political representatives. Willingness to serve may lead to capitulation. But the endowed universities also have dangers to face, as has been pointed out. They are tempted to feel a special obligation to a particular class—those who support them; and they may easily think so much about their own advancement as to neglect the advancement of the larger community for whose benefit public institutions exist. Which of these dangers is the greater and the more difficult to avoid may here be left undecided. State universities have made their choice. Their establishment, first in the South, then in the Middle West, was a happy accident. Private endowments were not forthcoming. And the early State universities did not differ in educational aims from the endowed Eastern institutions after which they were modeled. In their development, however, as they came in contact in the Middle West with pioneer ideals, they took on a unique character. They became, in the best instances, the mind of the State in a deliberate effort to discover the most promising means of orderly social progress.

*The fifth of a series of articles on educational experiments. The sixth, *The Remaking of Legal Education*, by Professor Herman Oliphant, will appear in the issue of November 5.—EDITOR THE NATION.

This development was perhaps most notable at the University of Wisconsin, under the leadership of Charles R. Van Hise. Dr. Van Hise, a native of Wisconsin, a graduate of the university, one of the foremost geologists of his time, was inaugurated as president in connection with the celebration in 1904 of the fiftieth anniversary of the university's founding. On that occasion he said:

In the university men are trained to regard economic and social questions as problems to be investigated by the inductive method, and in their solution to aim at what is best for the whole people rather than at what is favorable to the interests with which they chance to be connected. Such of these men as are filled with a burning enthusiasm for the advancement of the race are capable of great accomplishment, for they possess the enlightenment upon which wise action may be based.

He looked forward to seeing such men active "in every city and hamlet, leading the fight against corruption and misrule, and, even more important and vastly more difficult, leading in constructive advance." He would have them at work in legislative halls, in the field of education, in the churches. For "in these men," he declared, "lies, in large measure, the hope of a peaceful solution of the great questions deeply concerning the nation, some of which are scarcely less momentous than that of slavery."

No university president has put greater emphasis upon research and scholarship.

This freedom of thought [he told the graduating class of 1912], this inquiry after truth for its own sake, this adjustment of the knowledge of the past in the light of the newest facts and highest reason—this is the essential spirit of a university, *which under no circumstances should it yield*. Without this spirit an institution is not a university; with this spirit, it is a university, whether it be large or small.

Nor has any university president set higher standards for university graduates. It was his conviction that "the final and supreme test of the height to which a university attains is its output of creative men, not in sciences alone, but in the arts, in literature, in politics, and in religion." Yet in and through his speeches and his practice—which incidentally were in striking accord—ran the purpose which he believed to belong especially to the State university, and to Wisconsin in a larger measure than to others.

The State university [he declared again and again] does feel a special obligation to the commonwealth in which it is situated. Indeed, it recognizes this obligation as a first duty. By all known methods it disseminates information discovered in all parts of the world to the people of the State.

Whether the problem related to farming or household economy, tuberculosis in cows or human beings, public-utility rates or teaching methods, highway engineering or business

salesmanship—whatever it might be about which the people of the State needed expert information—it was the university's function to meet that need. "In short," as he once wrote, "the university aims to become the instrument of the State in its upbuilding—material, intellectual, and spiritual."

The concrete and far-reaching accomplishments which inevitably flowed from such a conception of a university cannot be treated in this limited space. And the battles fought with those who were unable to appreciate this conception or were opposed to its implications must be left unmentioned. That there were such accomplishments and such battles is well known. And when Theodore Roosevelt said that "thanks to the movement for genuinely democratic popular government which Senator La Follette led to overwhelming victory in Wisconsin," the State had "become literally a laboratory for wise experimental legislation aiming to secure the social and political betterment of the people as a whole," he indirectly said a good word for Senator La Follette's lifelong friend, the president of the university, and for the able and devoted scholars who were actively cooperating in the translation of a great educational ideal into social fact.

When the war came it brought havoc to this project as it did to other beautiful and noble things. Suspicion, bitterness, hardness of heart poisoned the atmosphere. Some day this phase may be dispassionately studied as an exhibit of the academic mind in a social crisis, but here it, too, must be passed over. As an aftermath of the war the university became the object of a new form of attack by both the Stalwarts and the Progressives in politics. It was maligned, made to suffer indignities, compelled to beg for the money to pay its bills. Of course, this had its effect upon the attitude of the public. The fact that the pre-war conception somehow survived in spite of this ordeal testifies to its inherent greatness and strength, to the astuteness of those who, like Dr. Birge, were then responsible for directing the university, and to the deep-moving educational faith of Wisconsin's citizenry.

The most subversive assault, which has taken shape in the past two years, must have more extended consideration. In 1913 there was enacted a budget law in accordance with which all appropriations for land purchases and buildings were made conditional upon release by the governor. The bill was designed to avoid the spending of moneys, or the contracting for such expenditure, before the necessary funds were on hand or in sight. But it also created the opportunity for a governor to hold up an appropriation if he so desired; and the opportunity was seized upon by Progressives as well as Conservatives. While in this way the university program was sometimes seriously embarrassed, the theory of higher education it embodied was not attacked. But in the last session of the legislature (1929) a bold attempt was made which, had it been successful, would have given to the governor the power to dictate educational policy. In this session a new budget bill was passed on the recommendation of the governor. As originally introduced, this bill required the university authorities to present quarterly estimates of expenditures in advance, and it provided that no moneys might be expended until the Director of Budget, attached to the Executive Office, had approved the estimates as not only lawful and within the available funds of the State, but as in his judgment "*reasonable and necessary*." The insidious nature of this proposal need not be pointed out. Fortunately, friends of the university, after a

strenuous contest, were able to eliminate this dangerous phrase. Later in the same session another attempt was made, in connection with the university appropriations bill, to bring all university appropriations under the direct control of the governor. This occurred in a substitute amendment which contained the clause that *all* moneys transferred to the university from the general funds of the State, not expenditures for buildings and lands alone, must be specifically released by the budget director. This amendment would have put practically all university funds under the actual control of the governor's office. Friends of the university were again successful in their opposition. The amendment was defeated, seven Conservatives voting against the governor, one Progressive voting for him.

Outside the legislature parallel operations were in process. Early last August the newspapers announced the perfection of a State-wide organization for the purpose of "research in the State aimed to promote better government." According to this announcement, the director of this research bureau had returned from a leave of absence in Governor Kohler's office, where he had cooperated in framing the budget bill just referred to. The chairman of the organization was quoted as follows:

We have always been of the opinion that this type of work should be financed by citizens. We expect to demand the best in State government as determined by careful investigation, and plan to accept a responsibility by cooperating with public officials in obtaining that end.

Put more baldly, his statement said, in effect: Our intention is that hereafter the information to be used by the officials and lawmakers of the State shall be supplied by us. These two plans together—the revised budget plan and the citizens' research plan—represent a destructive and a constructive endeavor by certain industrial and financial interests to cripple university research and teaching which are objectionable to them. This has never been frankly avowed and would no doubt be denied, but it is a fair inference from the known facts.

On September 16 last Philip La Follette was nominated for governor by an overwhelming majority. Those concerned for the future of democratic higher education in Wisconsin were greatly encouraged by this event. They naturally expect him to further the educational tradition with which his father was intimately and honorably connected. And one plank in his platform justifies this hope.

Twenty-five years ago [it reads] every dollar spent for our higher educational institutions was repaid to the farms, industries, and businesses of Wisconsin a thousand-fold in constructive, practical ideas and plans for the expansion and development of our economic life. . . . The Stalwart administrations with narrow visions and partisan considerations have stunted and limited these services, and sought by legislation to put the educational system of Wisconsin under the absolute and dictatorial control of the executive. We believe this policy both wasteful of the taxpayers' money and destructive of free and untrammelled democratic education.

But the plank is made up of ideas, not words only, ideas which appear to have grown out of Mr. La Follette's personal experience in the university as student and teacher, so that it poses, rather than settles, problems. Meanwhile the liberating effect of his nomination and prospective governor-

ship is unquestionable. It remains to be seen how the university staff will be able to meet and to serve the desire for a more satisfying life which expressed itself in the nomination of the new governor.

Democratic higher education in Wisconsin is once more at a critical stage because political changes in the State have presented a new opportunity and also for another reason—namely, that men and women imbued with the spirit of the university through years of contact with it as teachers or administrators are one by one leaving the scene. In the next decade practically all those who were significantly associated with the formative years under President Van Hise will have retired from active service. No greater task has confronted any college president than confronts President Frank. Will the spirit which has become traditional in Wisconsin depart with the era which it vitalized, or will it carry over, to take on richer meaning in the era ahead? In some institutions the first consideration very properly is whether additions to the personnel enlarge the roster of great names. In an institution like the University of Wisconsin greatness, in order to be educationally significant, must as a rule develop on the soil and in the atmosphere of the State. There are signs that this is happening. Younger persons of exceptional talents, called to the university or trained on the ground, are manning the teaching and research posts. They are giving

an excellent account of themselves. Responsive to the changed mentality and the new conditions to which a contemporary must adjust himself if his efforts are not to be futile, they are no less responsive to the essential purpose of the university in a democracy. In a sense the nature of this enterprise changes as it faces problems peculiar to its period, but in a deeper sense it remains always the same, whether the leader is called John Bascom, Charles Van Hise, or Glenn Frank. Its chief task is always, on the one hand, to circumvent the forces that would divert higher education from making a significant contribution to the completest life for the mass of men, and, on the other hand, to lead this mass of men to a larger vision of what this ideal implies and to equip them, as far as possible, to function in its realization. Observing what is taking shape in Wisconsin at the present time, one recalls the words of F. J. Turner, one of Wisconsin's most illustrious sons and for a period one of the university's foremost scholars and greatest teachers:

There is throughout the Middle West a vigor and a mental activity among the common people that bodes well for the future. . . . This region which has so often needed the reminder that bigness is not greatness may yet show that its training has produced the power to reconcile popular government and culture with the huge industrial society of the modern world.

The Legion Takes Boston

By EUGENE GORDON

AS I write, Boston has just been released from the grip of an occupation that lasted almost a week, an occupation the like of which this old town had not previously seen. It was the twelfth annual convention of the American Legion. A substantial portion of the citizenry hopes that it will not see the like again. There are others who would not mind repeating the experience next year, with all its accompaniments of pomp and ceremony, noise and glitter, horseplay and drunkenness, childishness and arrogance, militarism and vulgarity.

Opinions expressed in Boston during the convention concerning the value of the American Legion's contribution to American culture and progress are hopelessly at variance. Let me cite a random few. We listen first to the retiring commander of the American Legion, O. L. Bodenhamer:

In our Americanization work we must admit that a nation is just as great as are its men and its women. To make permanent American ideals, and to advance American institutions, it is necessary to look to the proper training of the boys and girls of today in the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship for tomorrow. The American Legion is a fine agency through which the spirit of education can be promoted.

Then there was General Pershing, who assured his former soldiers that "America will continue to move forward under the inspired leadership of her best citizens, in whose front ranks will ever be found the Legion of Veterans." (I report this speech as W. A. MacDonald wrote it for the *Transcript*.)

Across the Charles River in Cambridge the Harvard

Crimson, when the occupation was ended and most of the army had departed, carried the following editorial:

Two days ago in South Carolina President Hoover spoke of the purity and inherent rights of American institutions, but, surely, whatever the moral correctness of the institutions, no other country in the world would countenance the spectacle of the recent American Legion convention in Boston. The highest official of what other land would have lent his presence to what, in effect, is merely an excuse for a wholesale brawl, exceeding in its disgusting completeness any similar spectacle the United States has to offer? Even Boston, with a police commissioner who has been astonishingly vigorous since he has been in power, has seen fit to allow a total relaxation of law and order during the stay in the Hub of the "buddies" of the Legion, those glorious Americans who fought, the slogan says, to make the world safe for democracy, and who have come back to raise hell annually so no one can forget it.

The *Crimson* does not wish to be misunderstood, and hastens to add:

. . . at Harvard at least there are few conscientious observers of the Eighteenth Amendment, but the worst sub-way riot, the drunkest football crowd are piddling trifles in the way of disturbances compared to a Legion convention.

The *Crimson* adds graciously: "Detroit has been awarded the convention for next year; by God, we hope she's satisfied." Such heterodoxy would be expected to unstop the vials of wrath; it did. Local officials of the Legion attributed the point of view, charitably enough, to "an immature mind."

Both Major Paul Hines, who handled the publicity for the Legion, and Mayor Curley of Boston declared that there had been no evidence of drinking among any of the 70,000 marchers in the parade. But to some eyewitnesses, at least, there was overwhelming evidence of it. Some men drank as they marched, turning the flasks up to their lips. Others were supported over the route by their "buddies."

Secretary of the Navy Adams, in the words of a reporter for a Boston paper, suggested:

... that the Legion had in its power the furtherance of the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, and he went on to epitomize the extraordinary development of the country, which had grown in riches and in population far beyond what the founders had imagined, and with that growth had come dangers also beyond imagination a few years ago.

Mr. Adams, having pointed out the bugaboo to the boys, cunningly played upon their immature sense of patriotism. "Can you be sure," he whispered, "your country will not again be involved in mighty combat?" No, they could not be sure; nevertheless, everybody cheered, stamped, and clapped. They could not be sure but Mr. Adams was. "In view of this great need of the development of the spirit of justice," he said, further befogging the issue for them, "and of the uncertainties, don't you think it may be well to maintain rather a strong navy so the voice of justice may have a hearing?" There was a great deal more applause, but no one thought of asking the Secretary of the Navy when battleships and cruisers had come to be the ear trumpets of justice.

Henry J. Harriman, president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, was on the program with Mr. Adams. He referred to the Legion as a "potent force for good in the nation . . ." But meanwhile the Reverend Raymond H. Palmer, minister of the Lynn Unitarian Church, was writing in the church magazine that "anyone looking on at the doings in Boston during the past week could hardly have escaped the conclusion that we do not live in a country which has yet reached a high stage of civilization," because he "saw more drunken men on the streets of Boston in a few hours than I have seen anywhere in the past five years," and because, also, "I have heard women insulted . . ." At the same time Police Commissioner Hultman was writing the following letter to the head of the American Legion:

I should like to say to your organization before it leaves the city of Boston that our records show that while there have never been so many people in the city as during the week of your national convention, there has been little or no disorder.

I am therefore taking this opportunity to congratulate you on the manner in which the members of your organization have conducted themselves while having what I hope has been a pleasant visit to our city.

The American Legion, according to its officials, is composed of more than 880,000 men and women. I don't know how many of these were in Boston, but the number in the parade has been estimated variously at 50,000, 70,000, and 75,000. There were perhaps thousands of members who for one reason or another did not parade. The "buddies" began to arrive in Boston several days before the convention was to open. Most of them were in uniforms of odd design and fantastic color combination. The reaction to war-time drabness was manifest. An American reporter recording such a spectacle in Haiti or Mexico would call it "gaudy"; in Egypt

or Abyssinia, "barbaric"; but in twentieth-century, cultured Boston it was simply "colorful." I have never before seen such naive and childish delight over colors as the legionnaires and their women displayed. Silver-plated helmets, gold-plated helmets, and brass-plated helmets; red breeches, green breeches, black-and-white breeches, pantaloons that made their wearers look like clowns; blue smocks, red berets, berets of green, blue, black, and yellow; boots and shoes of every shape and color combination; Sam Browne belts (which in the army are restricted to the use of officers) of white, black, tan, and scarlet; uniforms in imitation of those American doughboys used to sneer at when French soldiers wore them, uniforms in imitation of the Canadian Black Watch, uniforms in imitation of the Royal Horse Guards, of the Dragoon Guards, and of Hussars. So bedizened, they marched stolidly or hilariously, with soldierly attention or with uncertainty, depending on the temper or the mood or the physical condition of the marcher. Ahead of them marched brass bands or drum-and-bugle corps led by prancing or strutting drum majors. The "buddies" carried rifles with bayonets fixed; they lugged tiny cannon, which the irrepressible humorists of the "40 and 8" fired every so often. They bore the flag of the United States beside the Legion flag, and each flag bearer was flanked by two guards with rifles.

The women marched with the men, likewise bearing arms. They were dressed like so many clowning children at play, but they were marching to the still command of a militaristic and imperialistic voice which chanted about the "next war." It took the parade from ten in the morning until nearly eight at night to pass a given point, yet in that interminable procession I saw only two episodes which might, with excessive generosity, be interpreted as anti-militaristic. One of these was a float depicting the death of "Scotty," a local newsboy who enlisted and was killed overseas, and the other was a float made to resemble a cemetery studded with white crosses and covered with poppies.

On the evening following the parade Boston went through an experience somewhat similar to the police strike twelve years ago. Automobiles were tipped over; bonfires were built in the streets and fed with waste paper and packing cases; crap games flourished on the Common and in the lobbies of hotels; bootleggers shouted their wares from positions on the streets, naming the kinds of stuff and the prices thereof. From the upper floors of the Statler Hotel, where many Legion posts had headquarters, playful "buddies" dropped paper bags of water upon the heads of home-going passers-by and into open automobiles. It was great sport. There was no need of anyone's protesting. There was nobody to receive the protests. The police laughingly looked on, while the indignant sufferers swallowed their pride and cursed the day the saviors of the Republic were born.

The city authorities issued a permit for block dancing in Copley Square, a great green triangle upon which face the Boston Public Library, the Copley Plaza Hotel, Trinity Church, and some of the best business blocks of Boston. Later this permit was canceled, lest outdoor dancing interfere with traffic. But the defenders of the nation, the upholders of the law, the future rulers of the country, ignored the ban and went ahead with their program. As a consequence traffic died in its tracks.

Looking upon all that infantile display, yet sensing the potential dynamite under it, the thoughtful person can

but entertain misgivings about the future. There are 880,000 of these legionnaires, according to official figures. Their type of mind may be gauged by the resolutions they passed. For instance, they "favor continued support of the American Legion marksmanship program, under a national director of marksmanship"; they recommend to Congress "a large defense organization, carrying with it provisions for organization throughout the country of rifle clubs, pistol clubs, and similar units; an army of 12,000 officers and 125,000 men, and a national guard of 210,000"; and, most characteristically, they resolve "that Congress be urged to establish a non-partisan, non-political federal bureau of criminal investigation and research, comparable to the English Scotland Yard organization, whose duties will be to curtail all phases of criminal activity in the United States and possessions, and to safeguard the national welfare by proper combative and remedial action in all cases of seditious activity, whether from within or without the boundaries of our country or its possessions." This resolution, the newspapers admitted, was "aimed at Bolshevik activities in this country." The only resolution offered by a Negro legionnaire was killed; it was "aimed at" lynching in this country.

As I write the account of these events the men and women who created them have gone. Next year they will meet in Detroit. In the meantime Boston is wondering what she gained from their visit. Only the rank and file, however, are thus wondering. The police are satisfied that there was no disorder of any kind. The Governor sent the Police Commissioner a letter in which the head of the commonwealth expressed his "heartly commendation for the excellent service the department has performed." The newspapers are pleased; special Legion features were displayed day by day and circulation jumped. The department stores and shops are complacent and happy, having "garnered," according to one Boston news sheet, "at least \$3,000,000." The hotels and restaurants, of course, are not complaining. Meanwhile the politicians have been going into a frothing rage at the least semblance of criticism of our noble visitors. The answer to all this conspiracy of denial is that the legionnaires have money to spend, as have their various relatives; they have votes to cast; they have influence among hundreds of thousands of mob-minded men and women.

In the Driftway

HAD the Drifter been properly raised on a farm (and any Englishman can tell you that Americans are always raised on farms) he might have been a luckier egg-finder. As it is, his boyhood egg-hunting was confined to Easter, and the only eggs that he remembers now are the bright red ones, so easy to find, so rewarding in themselves, that he once rolled excitedly down the green terraces of the Capitol to the grinning little darky boys below. But the Drifter never made a name that way. Yet those who followed in his steps are acclaimed.

YOU remember the excitement when Roy Chapman Andrews discovered the fresh-laid dinosaur eggs—or if not fresh-laid, fresh-found. Here was a great scientist who

doubtless had grown up on a farm, to whom it was second nature to keep his eye peeled for eggs—not only eggs but Bigger and Better Eggs—and the glory of discovery was his. Now only a few years before Andrews drove his Dodge across Mongolia, the Drifter had wandered up beyond the Chinese Wall and bumped over the green plateau in a two-wheeled wooden cart, bunking on the hot brick kongs of the mud-walled khans, with their imposing Chinese signs for "Camel and Sheep Hotels." He had passed those rugged gullies where the dinosaurs once laid their eggs, and the wolves now have their dens. But did he see any nest-eggs "reddish-brown, roughly pitted"? He did not. He was wholly taken up with watching the antelopes speed over the plain, looking, and doubtless feeling, like the swiftest things in the world. He was cheering the antics of three dancing cranes who carried on a triangular love affair with spread wings and a comic dance that caricatured the leaping pickaninnies of that early Easter egg hunt. He indifferently turned his back to that unrecognized cache of scientific *réclame* and watched Duke Larson's horses, three hundred in a herd, sweep across the flower-dotted green spaces of this roof-of-the-world. (Tibet has a patent on that title, but Mongolia must be at least the shed roof.) There the saffron-robed lamas rode standing high in their bronze stirrups—and once the Drifter had tried their tight wooden saddles he understood the preference for standing. The camel caravans followed the trail to Urga, waking the circus longings of boyhood. Huge black dogs, hunting on their own, leaped toward the frail shelter of the wobbly cart. Mongol princesses with silver headdresses like hatracks appeared in the opening of their cheese-box tents, making friendliness an acceptable substitute for beauty. These are the pictures the Drifter brought back with him from Mongolia. But what are these to dinosaur eggs?

FOR some time after the Discovery the Drifter was a humble man. Then it occurred to him that after all not everyone could find dinosaur eggs, so he cheered for Andrews and determined to forget the might-have-beens. But now the goddess Chance has rapped his knuckles again. "Dinosaur Eggs Discovered in America!" Right in Montana, too. Time was when the Drifter had his joy of Montana, when the stampeding herd swept him along; when it was a toss-up whether the next Indian to come in sight would be friendly—or not. But devil an egg. This time the Drifter failed not only science but his country. For are not these patriotic American eggs a striking black instead of a mere Mongolian reddish-brown? Are they not "possibly larger than those found in Asia"? And as for that chief requisite of eggs, are they not "younger [the Drifter would say fresher] than those found in Mongolia"?

WERE the Drifter a mathematician he might derive comfort from computing the number of people who have lived and died since dinosaurs laid those eggs (figuring of course from the *later* American date), who did not find the eggs—as large a company as misery would be likely to love. Yet the belittling fact remains that on two wide-apart occasions the Drifter and the Dinosaur had haunted the same spot and neither had discovered the other.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Writing Down"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read, with great interest and with thorough-going sympathy, Henry Hazlitt's review, in *The Nation* for September 3, of R. L. Duffus's "Books: Their Place in a Democracy." A propos of his closing remarks on the subject of "writing down" to the demands of a popular audience, I happen to know of an interesting and encouraging experience in the field not of books but of daily journalism.

A professor in one of our foremost universities some thirty-five years ago was offered the editorship of a struggling afternoon newspaper which aimed to combine high ideals of public service and enlightenment with that degree of general acceptability by the great mass of the community which was essential to commercial success. The head of the enterprise was a practical newspaperman of exceptional ability and energy. The professor asked him to what extent it would be necessary for him, in his editorials, to "write down" to the level of the mass of his readers. "Not at all," was the answer. "Your best will be none too good." Both the men lived up to this understanding, to the best of their ability; and the result was—after, of course, a few years of patient waiting—a complete success, from the standpoint of business as well as of public influence and appreciation.

Ridgefield, Conn., September 15

FABIAN FRANKLIN

Behüte es Gott!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have yet to see the American college boy who didn't bridle at criticism by a modest outlander of star-spangled universities and their inmates. The foreigner seems to the American a coxcomb whose conceit and condescension are insufferable. The alien looks upon the American with tolerant, amused contempt, says he has no cultural traditions, is indifferent to learning, has no aspirations other than to get a degree and make lots of money, and is as incurious about public affairs, and as ignorant of them, as a Zulu.

Such strictures are manifestly too harsh to be entirely fair, and the American boy has a right to become furious; nevertheless, one is moved to some reflection on such metaphysical matters when one reads of the overthrow of Leguía by Peruvian students and the displacement of Irigoyen by Argentinians with the aid of their scholastic colleagues. Can one possibly conceive of North American school men trying to unseat Hoover? *Behüte es Gott!*

Baltimore, September 20

BENJAMIN R. KATZ

"Exactly Nothing"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. John W. McCardle, chairman of the Indiana Public Service Commission, delivered an address before the American Bar Association in Chicago some weeks ago in which he said that the investigations of public utilities made by the Federal Trade Commission have "developed nothing of importance," and that "the upshot of all the furor of the inquiry is exactly nothing."

Is it "exactly nothing" that the public-utility and power

interests of this country have banded themselves together to monopolize the most vital and essential utility and natural resources upon which the life and liberty of our people depend? Is it "exactly nothing" that the agencies representing these utilities, acting for them and paid by them, have sought control of every avenue of publicity in the country, have to a greater or less degree entered our public-school system, censored the textbooks, and in some cases at least actually caused to be stricken out statements of facts just because they were detrimental to the companies, have sought and to a great degree succeeded in controlling the banking interests and bankers of the country, have corrupted city councils and State legislatures and even sought to elect their men to the United States Congress by methods so corrupt that the United States Senate has felt called upon to refuse their men, when elected, a seat in that body? Are these and a thousand similar things, some of them much worse, that have been revealed by the testimony of the power-company representatives themselves in these astounding hearings—are these things "exactly nothing"?

Hudson, N. Y., September 30

GEORGE C. MARCLEY

Aliens and Unemployment

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: President Hoover's policy of instructing consuls to refuse visas because unemployment here makes immigrants liable to become public charges disregards the established law on this subject. In 1915 certain immigrants were excluded as likely to become a public charge because they did not have much money and were going to Portland, Oregon, where the labor market was overstocked. The case was carried to the United States Supreme Court before they secured admission. Justice Holmes, writing for the unanimous court, said:

The single question on this record is whether an alien can be declared likely to become a public charge on the ground that the labor market in the city of his immediate destination is overstocked. . . . It would be an amazing claim of power if commissioners decided not to admit aliens because the labor market of the United States was overstocked. Yet, as officers of the general government, they would seem to be more concerned with that than with the conditions of any particular city or State. [*Gegiow vs. Uhl*, 239 U. S. 3, 9-10.]

The Nation's criticism of the President is thus not only warranted as a matter of policy but as a matter of law as well.

New York, September 30

CAROL WEISS KING

For the Study of Foreign Relations

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the London Conference of Institutions for the Scientific Study of International Relations held in March, 1929, the Council on Foreign Relations was designated as the national center for such organizations in the United States.

In order to assemble accurate and up-to-date information on the work being done in this field in this country, a questionnaire has been sent to each of the organizations now listed at council headquarters. It is earnestly requested that any organization which has not received such a request send its name and address to the council at 45 East Sixty-fifth Street, New York City, and a questionnaire will be forwarded.

New York, September 30

RUTH SAVORD, Librarian

Books, Drama, Films

Free Lecture

By BABETTE DEUTSCH

The room is public. But in their ranged places
How separate, how intent upon the flame
Each shelters from his neighbor's breath, these faces,
Set sharply aloof, and curiously the same,
Being wrought to one pitch of thirst, bound to one grief
Over shabbiness striven with, how many years.
Oh, thirst for beauty, making beauty beyond belief,
Where the grace of laughter is lost with the peace of tears!

The Soul of Swift

Swift. By Carl Van Doren. The Viking Press. \$3.

THIS is an admirable biography; it is, indeed, the best life of Swift that has appeared in a generation. It belongs to the "new school" of biography, but only in the best sense of the phrase. Mr. Van Doren has not patronized his subject or slyly held him up to ridicule; he has not tried to be clever; he has not written as if he had a novelist's unerring insight into motives; he has not invented any imaginary conversations; he has not even made use of scores of tempting and dramatic anecdotes about Swift when their truth seemed to him unestablished. Mr. Van Doren has been content, in brief, to remain strictly a biographer, and has sometimes leaned backward in his refusal to assert or even to speculate. But he seems to me to have learned what is soundest in the method of Mr. Lytton Strachey. He never clutters his narrative with inessential detail, or with material that throws no fresh light on character, or with hints of his own processes and difficulties in determining facts or dates. He recognizes, in short, not only that biography is an art as well as an industry, but that much of the art consists in concealing the industry. He selects what is significant in incident and utterance with great skill. He has allowed his subject, indeed, to tell his story, so far as possible, in his own words; and no reader can fail to be grateful for such generous quotations from the most powerful and brilliant English prose of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Van Doren's portrait of Swift is sympathetic, and honestly so, for he cannot justly be accused of leaving out any essential element of Swift's character. But I cannot always agree with his emphasis. He seems to me, for example, to pass too lightly over the pathological aspects of that character. He devotes only a few lines to the two main suggestions put forward to explain Swift's strange relations to Stella and Vanessa—that he was impotent, or that he had a venereal disease. Mr. Van Doren merely remarks that one hypothesis is as good as another, and that neither is as "simple and sufficient" as the conclusion that Swift "was only, in marriage as in other matters, extraordinary." To say that Swift was extraordinary seems to me neither simple nor sufficient; it is not an explanation of his conduct, but merely the refusal to look for one. As Aldous Huxley remarked in a brilliant essay, we are almost forced by the surviving evidence to believe that some physical or psychological impediment debarred Swift from making love in the ordinary, the all-too-human manner. True, we do not happen to know precisely what this impediment was, but this only means that we still face a profound mystery. And I think Mr. Huxley has put forward a valuable clue in the suggestion that Swift's obsessive loathing of women—in-

deed, of all mankind—for the crime of being mammals with natural bodily functions, is merely the other side of his sentimentality as revealed in the baby language which fills so much space in his "Journal to Stella." He hated reality for not resembling his abstractions, his often arbitrary—and sometimes profoundly silly—ideals.

Swift was, indeed, a prize case for the psychoanalyst from any aspect. His salient traits were his terrible, imperious pride, his vehement, uncontrollable hatred. If there was ever a clear case of eminence resulting from an inferiority complex, Swift is that case. The humiliations, real or fancied, that he suffered in his youth as a dependent upon his uncle, at Trinity, or as a retainer in the household of Sir William Temple, "in pain when Sir William would look cold and out of humor for three or four days," were never sufficiently revenged in his eyes by the humiliations he poured upon others when he came into a measure of fame and power. His hatred and lust for domination were manifest in everything he did: in his magnificently courageous attacks upon ministries, in his superb impudence to lords and ladies, in his brutality toward the women who loved him. For when this tiger could not find elephants or lions to attack he felt the need to fill in his leisure by crushing rabbits. True, these passions and impulses happened to exist in a genius, with a blistering wit and an amazing imagination, and this genius also happened to recognize that he could bring his burning hatred to its most concentrated and deadly expression under an icy irony. But with his literary gifts alone, if we can imagine them linked to a less restless or a more amiable spirit, Swift might never have been more than another Addison or Arbuthnot. It was the intensity of his loathing for the physical side of our nature, it was the relentlessness, the fury of his hatred and pride, it was, in brief, his profoundly pathological outlook, that made him Swift.

HENRY HAZLITT

Wilcoxism

Essays on Things. By William Lyon Phelps. The Macmillan Company. \$2.

"I BELIEVE," avers Professor Phelps in this latest gleaming from the back pages of *Scribner's Magazine*, "that the average man or woman today needs one thing more than he needs anything else—spiritual healing"; and no matter what topic comes to his hand, whether "Church Unity" or "A Pair of Socks," "Russia Before the Revolution" or "Molasses," this glad and guileless evangelist scatters his balms for the body and salves for the soul. Seldom are sweetness and light given a more strenuous work-out. The largess of benevolence (along with a stream of superlatives like "excellent," "lovely," "admirable," "charming," "supreme") rains upon all heads: on Goethe and F. P. A., Galsworthy and Horatio Alger, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Lola Fisher. In matchless innocence Professor Phelps strolls through the world, now pausing to observe that "the dog, except in very high latitudes, is not so useful as the horse, the mule, the camel, and the donkey," in spite of which economic defect he is still "man's best friend"; now informing us that in the Protestant cemetery in Florence he remembered Landor's versified promise that no one who whispered the word "Alas" over his grave would pass unheard, whereupon "I bent over his grave and with deliberate emphasis whispered 'Alas!'" Enshrined among the great yea-sayers to the American public, together with Henry Ford, Parkes Cadman, Eddie Guest, and Walt Mason, Professor Phelps stands fully canonized, beyond good or evil. Should he hear murmurs

of dissent or ridicule rising against his spiritual band-wagon, he has a comforting explanation of them, for did not that eminent ethnologist, Richard Halliburton, tell "how the pagan priests used to sacrifice thousands of young maidens to their deity," whereupon "it would seem, looking back on history, that the more adominable the religion, the fewer the atheists"? If one is not wholly disarmed by the beauty of Professor Phelps's gospel and still hunts the worm at the root, it will probably be found to consist in the disease of Wilcoxism which Clive Bell once deduced from reading Ella Wheeler Wilcox's memoirs, and from the poetess's rapturous enthusiasm for every phenomenon or person that happened to achieve greatness by entering the foggy orbit of her own experience. Plainly this is Professor Phelps's affliction. Even while madness threatens, one may stop to pity but not to curse: that is, if one can forget that Phelps occupies two or three of the most influential rostrums in the country and that from these pulpits he spreads what Bell called "a terrible disease, because it slowly but surely eats away our sense of imperfection, our desire for improvement, and our power of self-criticism."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

A Novel for Mr. Hoover

Strike! By Mary Heaton Vorse. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

IT is unfortunate that Michael Gold should have proclaimed that Mrs. Vorse's new novel, "Strike!" is a "burning and imperishable epic"—that is, a book to be classed with Homer and Milton. It is more unfortunate and less to be condoned that the publisher should have repeated Mr. Gold's generous but misguided words on one of those natty detachable bands that publishers like to place, like sashes, about book jackets. For so frantic a blurb would prejudice any reviewer or book buyer who did not happen to know Mrs. Vorse and her own modesty and craftsmanship.

By the device of combining Marion and Gastonia in one fictitious town, she has given a clear, honest, and often dramatic account of the horrors of the Southern textile mills. Most important in the book is her sympathetic picture of the mountain women who have been enticed to the mills, and who join the union only when they discover that the bossmen—devils mysterious as their native savage God—are condemning them to sick starvation. They are union members who do not know that there is an international labor movement. They are Communists who have never heard of Russia. They are Fine Old Americans who live more meagerly than Tibetan villagers. They are passionately pious Baptists who are not without earthly humor.

It is a beautiful irony that this book should have been issued at almost the same moment with the utterance by the Immaculate Herbert of the words: "In the American system, through free and universal education, we train the runners, we strive to give to them an equal start . . . The winner is he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, the strongest character. Socialism, or its violent brother, bolshevism, would compel all the runners to end the race equally; it would hold the swiftest to the speed of the most backward."

I do not suppose that Herbert the Immaculate meant in his slyly humorous way, his devotion to good clean fun, to give an opportunity for publicity for "Strike!" Yet whether or no he meant it, his platitudes gave to the book an especial pertinence. For he uttered them in those very Carolinas whose abominations are described by Mrs. Vorse!

She makes it uncomfortably clear, in this book, which is more a statement of facts than a novel, that our lovely American system does not, particularly in the region where the Immaculate droned his inspiring, his almost Bruce-Bartoning

words, give anything like a universal education; that it does not train the runners—that, in fact, it is very likely to jail the real runners; and that, in innumerable cases, the winner is not he who shows the most conscientious training, the greatest ability, or the strongest character, but rather he who commands the services of the largest number of policemen with clubs and of militiamen with machine-guns.

But are the Southern mill towns really as horrible as Mrs. Vorse asserts, and the strikers really as gallant and as innocent? I maintain on my word of honor as a man who is not a Quaker or a Great Engineer, and who will certainly become neither immaculate nor President, that she has exactly and understandingly described what is happening in the Piedmont today. I have been there, through some of the very scenes which she chronicles. I know several of the characters in the book. She tells the truth—and dramatically.

I wonder if a lonely and confused man in Washington by the name of Herbert Hoover will read this book? Or if (to make the fantasy utterly mad), reading it, he might conceivably do anything, or say anything pertinent, about it?

There was a time, no doubt, as an Iowa farm boy, when he respected the Mothers in Zion: the honest, earnest, kindly, quiet women who bore children, who worked sixteen hours a day, who had always a bowl of milk for the wayfarer, who went for days or weeks to help neighbors in their need.

Such women still exist. Perhaps Mr. Hoover can no longer find them in Washington, or near his mansion in California. But if he will read "Strike!" and have such genius as to believe that it may be true, he will learn—and even a President of the United States might, perhaps, be able to learn something!—that the intolerable state of labor in the region where he oozed his goose-fat words has less to do with Socialists and Bolsheviks than with the slavery of just such women as once mothered a little boy named Herbie and gave him cookies.

If I were a publisher named Horace Liveright I would not talk about anything so vague as "burning and imperishable epics." I would, day after day, by the crudest modern ways of advertising, by newspaper page and radio and billboard, demand: "Your Excellency, Mr. Hoover, have you read 'Strike!' by Mary Heaton Vorse? And if you have, what do you think of evicting families in which there is a child with smallpox, of policemen blackjacking unarmed old women, of whole American communities receiving an average wage of twelve dollars a week?"

And if the Immaculate most immaculately refused to answer, I would ask the same questions of Owen Young and Henry Ford and Dwight Morrow and Governor Roosevelt and William McAdoo and Al Smith.

I wonder if Al and Dwight Morrow might not answer?

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Strategy and Blunders

The Real War, 1914 to 1918. By Captain B. H. Liddell Hart. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

Colossal Blunders of the War. By William Seaver Woods. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The Cavalry Goes Through! By Bernard Newman. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.

THE first two of these three books deal with the actual tactics of the World War; the third, with fantastic tactics and the experiences of fantastic individuals.

"The Real War" is a tactical history of the late conflict, admirably done, the work of a thorough student. Captain Liddell Hart has synthesized the immensity of the war into a single volume, presenting it tactically, critically, historically—a

valuable work. One is impressed by the writer's style, perception, critical faculty, and liberal sense of fairness. Yet the volume as a whole is not easy reading. It is far too exhaustive a study to be that.

Of particular interest is Captain Liddell Hart's interpretation of the outbreak of the war. He sees the conflict as primarily touched off by the military leaders, the General Staffs, of the countries of Central and Eastern Europe. They, he contends, while not responsible for Europe's predisposition to war, yet got the conflict under way; for it was they who at the last moment pushed the vacillating monarchs and ministers into declarations of war by reason of their eagerness to order general mobilization.

"Colossal Blunders of the War," as implied by the title, is devoted to pointing out the various and many mistakes made by the greatest of the contending nations in the World War. One could hardly set for one's self an easier task. Yet Mr. Wood, editor of the *Literary Digest*, has done it superficially. His work has not the tone, the sense of individual thought behind it, to give it value. Certainly it is unlikely to succeed in its aim, as stated in the preface, of avoiding, another time, a needless loss of "gallant men."

"The Cavalry Goes Through!" is a fantastic story of how the war might have been had a military genius arisen as leader with a band of supersoldiers to lead. What Mr. Newman does is to rewrite the story of the war. His version is entertaining and at times exciting, but his literary skill is too slight to make it seem convincing.

JAMES B. WHARTON

Thomas Hardy Veiled

Cakes and Ale: or the Skeleton in the Cupboard. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.

IF Edward Driffield, the misty and pathetic hero of Mr. Maugham's witty and scandalous novel, is Thomas Hardy, and everybody seems to think he is, then Mr. Maugham has made a contribution of no small importance to our understanding of Hardy. Not that he needs to be taken literally in all the details of his merciless sketch, and not that he has failed to take safe cover behind a falsification of the facts. For instance, Driffield lives not in the southwest but in the southeast of England; he writes not a line of poetry; and his first marriage, so far as I can judge, bears no resemblance to Hardy's, having in it both more joy and more affliction. As for his second marriage, the less said the better, the second Mrs. Hardy being still alive. Not that we need to assume any intention on Mr. Maugham's part to represent the second Mrs. Hardy by the second Mrs. Driffield. But he has been bold enough, after making it impossible for us not to think of Hardy when we see the name of Driffield, to give Driffield a new wife who is, to say the least, deplorable. It took nerve to do that. But of course it takes nerve to write a satire, and Mr. Maugham is one of the few who can.

The satire, the joke, is on those who would think, as most of Mr. Maugham's persons do think, that the second Mrs. Driffield is a better and more useful woman than the first. The first, by name Rosie, is an ethereal nymphomaniac who betrays her husband with all his friends, including the novelist Willie Ashenden, the teller of the story. She was a barmaid to begin with, but now she is the charming if ignorant wife of a vulgar little author—Ashenden, by the way, and probably Mr. Maugham, cannot admire the works of Driffield—who wears loud, ludicrous clothes and manages to keep his character, if he has any, pretty well hidden behind the more obvious one possessed by Rosie. Rosie, one hopes, is as complacent to him as she is to his friends. Yet her final desertion of him is a blow;

and the twenty-five years which follow in the company of a wife who pets him, puts him forward, makes him respectable, and refurnishes his house with period pieces are a bore. Through both series of tribulations Driffield steers a bewildered, retiring course—a little animal wounded in some part which we cannot see and bleeding very slowly to death.

"The face you saw was a mask," says Ashenden toward the end. "I had an impression that the real man, to his death unknown and lonely, was a wraith that went a silent way unseen between the writer of his books and the fellow who led his life, and smiled with ironical detachment at the two puppets that the world took for Edward Driffield." Well, perhaps that is all there is to say about Thomas Hardy. Confronted as I have often been with the difficulty of connecting Hardy with his books, I find myself attracted to a theory that there was a third existence, a ghost, between the two. Furthermore, I suspect that this may be universally true of authors. So that Mr. Maugham, reckless as he may have been with certain lives, would seem to have written a true book.

He has also, as I have said, written a witty one. "Cakes and Ale" is slight, very slight; but it abounds with observations and epigrams that are always clever, always bitter, and frequently wise.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Perfectabilian at Work

The Dilemma of the Liberated. By Gorham B. Munson. Coward-McCann. \$3.50.

MR. MUNSON is a perfectabilian. If Thomas Love Peacock were alive today, he would find Munson grist for his mill. In his newest book, as in all his others, Munson devotes himself to the pursuit of perfection. This time the doctrine which seems to promise him results is humanism, but in the end he is forced to admit that it doesn't quite fill the bill. It is quite all right as far as it goes, but it has a couple of sad gaps which make it not entirely useful. Of course the opponents of humanism have been pointing out the gaps in humanism, not to say the crevasses, but Mr. Munson, with his customary originality, will have none of the objections other folks have raised, but must invent some of his very own. In what is to me the most amusing passage in his book he dismisses the anti-humanists as trivial fellows incapable of rising to the elevated mental plane he inhabits, quotes some passages from Swift's "Battle of the Books," and then invites the gentry to observe while he criticizes humanism. He then spits on his hands and after some labor produces this: "Two major defects appear in Humanism: the lack of a science of self-study and a not sufficiently stringent conception of the Will." Otherwise humanism is all right!

Munson, as this book once more shows, is no more interested in understanding the world as it is or man as he is than I am in accompanying Sir George Wilkins on his submarine journey under the polar ice. He is interested in—exclusively—a higher sort of Y. M. C. A. work. His marching song is "Onward [but not to progress, a "pseudo-ideal"] Christian [with qualifications] Soldiers [but as individuals, not as goose-steppers]." On his banner is inscribed "Perfection—or Bust." He parades—alone I am happy to observe—into a very dismal sort of Holy Land inhabited exclusively by prigs. For who but a prig could go about howling eternally about "self-perfection"? What does perfection mean anyhow, as Munson uses it? If Munson knows, he successfully conceals his information or conception. It remains, so far as this book goes, a vague aspiration, a vaporous term of only "inspirational" significance.

Yet this vague term represents the mainspring which controls all Munson's activities. He is consequently susceptible to

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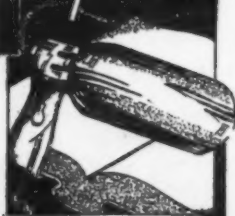
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the seductions of almost any sort of cult. Since he is fundamentally incapable of selection he confounds good and bad most amazingly. He cannot even stick to his own last but must seek to reconcile the incompatible. In this very book where he is ostensibly expounding humanism to the layman he cannot forbear mentioning some of his other enthusiasms, seeking to combine them with humanism. He does not like, for instance, the reactionary nature of humanistic politics and economics, so he drags up an economic doctrine which he thinks will go nicely with humanism: Major C. H. Douglas's Credit Plan, an idea supported by A. R. Orage. Mention of Orage gives us another of Munson's enthusiasms. Again, he continues to flirt with behaviorism, in spite of the fact that Babbitt has denounced the behaviorists as enemies of humanist nature. And so on. This mess of incongruities Munson dishes up along with his very sympathetic exposition of humanism. I doubt that Mr. Babbitt will take much comfort from the activities of his self-appointed publicity agent.

One thing Munson has borrowed from the humanists which does him infinite harm. In times past Mr. Munson has been a very pleasant writer, but under the humanist influence he has adopted the toplofty attitude cultivated by Robert Shafer. From his place in the humanist Camorra he finds himself willing to patronize, as ignorant and ill-informed, men of vastly superior attainments. It is pitiful to see a man who has so much native charm go in for this sort of thing. It brings into his work a tone quite alien to his normal quality and seems further proof that humanism breeds arrogance. It is as if, with the assurance that a party is at his back, Munson wanted to prove that he, too, can growl like a perfect watchdog of reaction.

However that may be, the fact remains that Mr. Munson does not advance humanism a step beyond its position of some months ago. And since he disdains to meet any of the arguments already advanced against it, there is no need critically to discuss the doctrine here. The best one can do is to extract what fun one can from the spectacle of an amiable gentleman sweating away at "perfecting" himself. Before the case gets incurable I wish he could be persuaded to read a passage on page 139 of Havelock Ellis's "Fountain of Life."

Mr. Munson's book is an abortive afterclap in a famous thunderstorm. I hardly think it is a prelude to any more fruitifying rain.

C. HARTLEY GRATAN

Capitalism and Protestantism

The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism. By Max Weber. Translated by T. Parsons, with a Foreword by R. H. Tawney. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.

IN one of the flashes of insight which stud the footnotes of "Capital," Karl Marx called attention to the part played by Protestantism in the genesis of capital. Eduard Bernstein, in the halcyon days of his orthodoxy, took up the suggestion and ventured the opinion that the *secular* asceticism of early Protestantism was a bourgeois virtue. But it remained for Max Weber, late dean of German social economists, to investigate exhaustively the historical and doctrinal relationships between the ethics of Protestantism and the spirit of capitalism. In a remarkably erudite and suggestive essay, which raised a flurry in intellectual circles on the Continent when it first appeared, Weber maintains the thesis that a religious ethic which regarded "restless, continuous, systematic work in a worldly calling as the highest means to asceticism," functioned in a concrete way "as the most powerful lever conceivable for the expansion of the spirit of capitalism." And since Weber believes that the spirit of capitalism flourished before a genuine capitalistic economy arose, he concludes that Protestantism did

not merely play a part but rather a *preponderant* part in the genesis of capitalism. This conclusion, he asserts, is incompatible with the theory of historical materialism in its naive form. The essay posits, therefore, in a crucial way the central problem of every philosophy of culture—namely, the nature and role of ideas in history.

What originally suggested, it may be asked, that the passionate piety of the Reformation had strong worldly roots in a sphere at first sight so utterly removed from it? There was obviously the historic fact that capitalism with its rational economic technique had developed primarily in Protestant countries. But even more important was the contemporary empirical observation that, other things being roughly equal, workers brought up in an intensely pietistic or evangelical atmosphere took their jobs more seriously, labored more diligently, and lived more frugally than those from more conventional environments. The correlation seemed to point to some causal connection between the specific activities of man's life in this world and his conception of an after-life in the next. But how can we tell which was cause and which effect? Here a stricter definition of terms becomes necessary.

By capitalism Weber does not mean the impulse to acquisition, greed, hoarding, and other sharp practices with which it is so often confused. These are individual traits and turn up in all sorts of places, times, and classes. They are not distinctive of capitalism. It is only where the pursuit of profit is the pursuit of a "forever renewed profit by means of a continuous, rational enterprise" that we can significantly speak of capitalism. By the "spirit" of modern capitalism Weber means a social ethic congenial to the rise and intensification of this kind of rational economy, and capable of breaking down the conventional restraints to the accumulation of wealth and the exploitation of labor which derived from feudal Catholicism. An ideal illustration of the spirit of capitalism is furnished by the writings of Franklin. Here we have a social morality which centers exclusively around the business of getting ahead in the world. Time and credit are money. Virtues like industry, frugality, punctuality are mere instrumentalities for saving one and extending the other. Wasting time is "the greatest prodigality." The idea that honesty is a matter of *policy*, an essentially immoral notion, becomes a copy-book maxim. Beauty is banished by a narrowly practical outlook. "Lose no time; be always employed at something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions." Labor becomes an end in itself and the surest way to blessedness. A man's work is his *calling*. Historically, maintains Weber, the emergence of such an ethic was a condition precedent to increasing the productivity and intensity of labor without which accumulation of capital could not take place. But now how did this ethic arise? From the religious dogmas of the Protestant sects, is Weber's answer.

The essence of Calvinism and Puritanism is to be found in their rationalization of conduct in terms of worldly asceticism. The monastic asceticism of Catholicism which turned its back on this world was rejected in order to introduce an even more narrowly monastic discipline into its every nook and corner. The entire world was conceived as a huge monastery and the whole of life as a calling within it. Only the pursuit of this calling was pleasing to God. Man could not win grace through the church and the sacraments, nor by leisure, meditation, or enjoyment, but only "by doing the work of Him who sent him as long as it is yet day." Analyzing the writings of Baxter, Calvin, and Wesley, Weber reveals how the concept of *calling* gradually developed into the methodical devotion to the accumulation of wealth, as distinct from its use, which has come to be known as the spirit of capitalism. Wesley, for example, although fearing the effects of the enjoyment of wealth, felt compelled to preach: "We must exhort all Christians to gain all they can, and to save all they can." Consequently, argues Weber, we must look to

CARL VAN DOREN

one of the foremost American men of letters, has looked back to the days of Dryden and Pope, Addison and Steele, Gay and Arbuthnot. From among this great company he has chosen the greatest, Jonathan Swift, the author of *Gulliver's Travels*, and set him forth in the light of something like the terrible truth which he himself poured upon the world.

SWIFT

He loved men, yet hated mankind. He had a wife, Stella, if she was his wife, and a mistress, Vanessa, if she was his mistress. He was a country clergyman, yet one of the three men who administered the British Empire. He was as outspoken a man as ever lived and yet he lived in a cloud of secrecy. The story of his life as told by Carl Van Doren adds new lustre to the art of biography. *Illustrated, \$3.00*

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Protestant asceticism for the chief efficient cause of the development of capitalism. A position of vast importance, if true.

Logically, however, Weber is far from having established his case. At most he has uncovered a real connection between the ideology of modern capitalism and the ethics of Protestantism. And even here, in view of the existence of the spirit of capitalism in northern Italy and the Netherlands before the Reformation, it may be questioned whether a necessary connection is involved. But granting the empirical correlations, the chief objection to Weber's procedure is that he does not sufficiently weigh the possibility that *both* the spirit of capitalism *and* the ethics of Protestantism are effects of fundamental changes in the socio-economic environment induced by the discovery of new lands, the rise of a world market, the influx of gold and silver, and the improvements in mechanical technology. After Weber's work, no one can, of course, deny that the Reformation at least influenced the development of capitalism. Here he has brilliantly confirmed the insights of earlier scholars. But to accept this is not incompatible with the belief that both Protestantism and the spirit of capitalism arose only there where the objective possibilities of a rational capitalistic economy were already given. Otherwise how can the following questions be adequately answered? Why did Protestantism arise *when* it did? Why did it spread *where* it did? Why did its doctrines develop *as* they did?

The more general cultural question upon which this study bears is whether ideas make history or history ideas. Phrased this way, however, the question is falsely put, for there is no real dichotomy involved. History is the result of human action in behalf of ideas upon a material world which conditions both their relevance and their efficacy. No ideas ever existed outside a stream of social life and no social life ever existed that has not been partly molded by ideas. Consequently there is no point in looking either to things or ideas for a cultural "first cause." A critical historical materialism poses specific problems: such as, Under what conditions are certain ideas evolved? What ideas have played a part in bringing about certain conditions? It does not, as some vulgar Marxists in this country imagine, attempt to reduce the whole of social life to simple economic equations of the first degree. Engels himself warned against this. Critical historical materialism recognizes the elements of interaction, cultural inertia, and formal structure in every social pattern. It distinguishes itself from an easy eclecticism by pointing out that although many factors may be involved in a cultural whole, they are differently weighted in the influence they exert. It believes that, broadly speaking, the way men make their living and the social relations which are built on it furnish both cue and key to the organic pattern of a given culture. And this it advances as a hypothesis, not as a dogma, as an aid not only in understanding a culture but in changing it.

SIDNEY HOOK

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Books in Brief

The Old Book. A Mediaeval Anthology. Edited and Illuminated by Dorothy Hartley. With an Introduction by George Saintsbury. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.50.

This book is beautifully bound and beautifully printed on de luxe Japan paper. Miss Hartley illustrates it with swooning lines and fainting colors. Altogether it is a carnival of the sentiments. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction says very little with much emotion, in the manner of a literary Englishman describing a potpie; while the compiler needs italics, a "proem," and saints, fairies, pilgrims, witches, and such to dispose of her feelings. With its excerpts from old almanacs, glossaries, ballads, inventories, and recipes, the book is full of curiosities, and will

charm all who love to handle miscellanies and old trifles. There is little in it, however, of literary value, hard as Mr. Saintsbury tries to convert a cookbook into belles-lettres.

The Earth Told Me. By Thames Williamson. Simon and Schuster. \$1.

The virtue of Thames Williamson's story of the Alaskan tundra lies in the objectivity with which it is told. The story is a simple enough one of jealousy among primitive people. Fortunately, the author expends no needless efforts of rhetoric on the landscape and concentrates his attention on making the characters definite. The atmosphere of the tundra is only incidental, as setting for the drama. At times the Eskimo characters exhibit a subtlety in their exchanges and attitudes which is less that of the traditional savage and more that of the traditional drawing-room. But these slips are completely relieved by the unimpeded movement of the story from event to event. And these slips may not even be slips at all, but accurate depiction of the conduct and manner of Eskimos. Of this there is no telling: the milieu is so remote from the experience of most prospective readers. But on the whole, Williamson has been successful in sustaining an interest in his characters and their difficulties. The book lacks the color of contrast and perspective; it has the excellence of a story well told.

Drama

Three Shows with Music

FOUR authors were responsible for the book of "Princess Charming" (Imperial), which I am told is par for a musical-comedy libretto. "Princess Charming" is one of those mythical-kingdom operettas of the Zenda vintage. The story has to do with a beautiful princess, the king of a neighboring country to whom she is betrothed, and a handsome young naval officer who rescues her from the Communist revolutionists—a modern touch—in order to deliver her to her royal bridegroom. There is a lot of sword clanking and bomb bursting mingled with intimate pictures of royal high life, delineated with what one of my rivals on the dailies would call Graustark realism. Through it all dance and pirouette a bevy of Mme Albertina Rasch's loveliest alumnae. Victor Moore has the difficult task of injecting humor into this melange. As an American insurance agent, he does his wistfullest with a lamentably unfunny part. George Grossmith plays the part of the King of Elyria in the manner that we benighted republicans are accustomed to regard as royal. The performance of Jean Aubert as a French adventuress deserves to be mentioned. The score, splendidly sung, was as good as ever.

"Girl Crazy" (Alvin) is the new Gershwin show, and to those of us who would rather listen to a song by Gershwin than a symphony by Mahler a new Gershwin show is an event. As in most of their other shows, the brothers Gershwin have had to carry the burden of a libretto that does not measure up to their splendid talents. The scene of this one is a dude ranch in Arizona to which the hero, a girl-crazy young man, is sent by his father to be kept out of trouble. Out of this situation develops what is known as, for want of a better word, the plot. But in a Gershwin show the important thing is, of course, the songs. I use the word "songs" advisedly. The acclaim of George Gershwin as a composer has been so great that it has somewhat overshadowed the achievement of his brother Ira as a lyric-writer. As in "Strike Up the Band," Ira Gershwin has demonstrated that he is the most skilful versifier writing for

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the American stage. There is a deftness and a wit to his lyrics that make them worthy complements to his brother's music. Willie Howard, bereft of his brother Eugene's obligato, plays the principal comedy part. And in Ethel Merman the Gershwins have a worthy interpreter of their songs.

"Three's a Crowd" (Selwyn) is a revue put together by Howard Dietz, and written mostly by him, as a vehicle for the three stars of the first "Little Show," Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman. It is the best revue New York has seen in years. The production is one of unusual beauty and imagination. There is a dance, done by Clifton Webb and Tamara Geva, employing startling and novel lighting effects that alone would make the show worth seeing. And the inevitable Mme Rasch, without whom, apparently, no musical production is legal, has contributed a ballet of surpassing loveliness. Fred Allen, a most delightful comedian, has been provided with effectively witty material, particularly in an uproarious burlesque of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic lecture. Clifton Webb is his usual suave, serpentine self. And Libby Holman again carries the torch through all the plaintive notes of her lower register. The music by Arthur Schwartz, who is almost as much in evidence these days as Albertina Rasch, is unusually fresh and tuneful. There are also several interpolations, including the English success Body and Soul.

NEWMAN LEVY

"The Solid South" (Lyceum) is a vastly amusing travesty on Southern traditions and character. The major, the women folk, the darkies are all stock figures, or rather caricatures of stock figures, for unlike the people in, say, "Coquette," they are not meant to be taken quite literally. One suspects that they are as much intended as gaily malicious caricatures of the traditional stage Southerner as of standpatter Southern types themselves. Mr. Richard Bennett as a flowery old tyrant gives the most memorable performance this reviewer has seen this season.

H. H.

Films

"Soil"

THERE are many features in "Soil" (Eighth Street Playhouse), a Soviet film directed by Alexander Dovzhenko, that will make it extremely popular in certain art-minded sections of the public. In the pictorial loveliness of its scenes, for instance, it has few equals. One can hardly fail to be impressed by the rich mellowness of its wheat fields and skies, the noble gorgeousness of its pedigreed cattle, the quiet lusciousness of its fruit, the loving delineation of its interesting Ukrainian types. The lyrical mood that pervades the film will also put it in a class apart, imparting a poetic quality that seems to lift the story above ordinary life. At times the film even goes so far as to discard the natural movements of its characters and to substitute for them stylized posing or highly exaggerated action. Indeed, though the story is ostensibly political in its message, the story of a bitter conflict between a kulak, or rich peasant, and an "activist," a supporter of the Communist land policy, it is wrapped in a pantheistic sentiment that spreads a veil of eternity over all incidents of human life, reducing the conflict to a mere episode in the endless cycle of love, birth, and death.

Such poetic earnestness as this, such artistic and intellectual superiority over the commercial trivialities of Hollywood are bound, I repeat, to earn the picture the enthusiastic applause of many. For my part, however, I must confess to a rather pain-

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 Solid South—Lyceum—45 St., E. of B'way.
 *Stepdaughters of War—Empire—B'way and 40 St.
 †The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St., W. of B'way.
 *The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47 St., W. of B'way.
 ‡The New Garrick Gaieties—Guild—52 St., W. of B'way.
 ‡The Second Little Show—Shubert—44 St., W. of B'way.
 ‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
 *Torch Song—Plymouth—45 St., W. of B'way.
 ‡Twelfth Night—Maxine Elliott—39 St. E. of B'way.

FILMS

Holiday, beginning Saturday, Oct. 25—The Plaza—58 St., E. of Madison Ave.
 Mammy and Shadow of the Law, beginning Friday, Oct. 24; beginning Tuesday, Oct. 28, "White Hell of Pitz Palu"—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
 News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
 Outward Bound—Hollywood—B'way and 51 St.
 Silent Enemy, beginning Saturday, Oct. 25; Holiday, beginning Wednesday, Oct. 29—Little Carnegie—57 St., E. of Seventh Ave.
 Soil—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. Eighth St.
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 Adler Lectures, Columbia University Institute of Arts and Sciences—See Advertisement.
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Pamphlet by MARY WARE DENNETT

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ful disappointment. The early reports from Moscow, where the picture was hailed as the supreme achievement of Soviet cinematic art, and the memories of Dovzhenko's glorious masterpiece, "Arsenal," held out the prospect of a new miracle. Alas, the miracle never came to pass. The man of genius chose to exploit his weaknesses rather than his strength. Thus we have had to see the riotous exuberance of "Arsenal" give place to the disciplined uniformity of "Soil," the overwhelming dynamism and symphonic rhythm of the former recede before the static pictorial loveliness of the latter; while symbolic eccentricities that were casual in "Arsenal" have now become a dominant feature, unconvincing and forced where they find expression in stylized acting, and rather platitudinous in their imagery. To top it off, the poetic sentiment that has displaced the fervent passion of a thoroughly communistic treatment of the story does not strike me as being particularly profound or significant. There is no denying, of course, the extraordinary power of Dovzhenko's imagination, but it seems rather late in the day to bring out of the symbolist bag such ancient devices as the masklike face and the stylized movement, both of which, moreover, demand a stylized setting. Judged by the Hollywood standards "Soil" is a great picture. Judged by the standards of "The Last Laugh," "Potemkin," and "Arsenal" it is a cinematic aberration and a step backward.

To those who can appreciate cinematic inventiveness I should like to recommend a visit to the Rivoli Theater, where in addition to the fairly amusing if rather uninspired "Whoopee," in which Eddie Cantor carries off all the honors, the audience is treated to an amazing little picture, a Max Fleischer cartoon called "Swing, You Sinner." Here are depicted the adventures of a poor sinner in a churchyard, and the sheer Rabelaisian exuberance of the thing has never before been approached on the screen. It is worth a dozen "Whoopees."

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ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE, formerly a Denver journalist, has written many books on Western life.

M. C. OTTO is professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin.

EUGENE GORDON is a Boston newspaperman who has contributed to various magazines.

BABETTE DEUTSCH is author of "Fire for the Night."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is professor of English literature in Loyola University and one of the editors of *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse*.

SINCLAIR LEWIS is the author of "Dodsworth."

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MARK VAN DOREN is editor of "An Autobiography of America."

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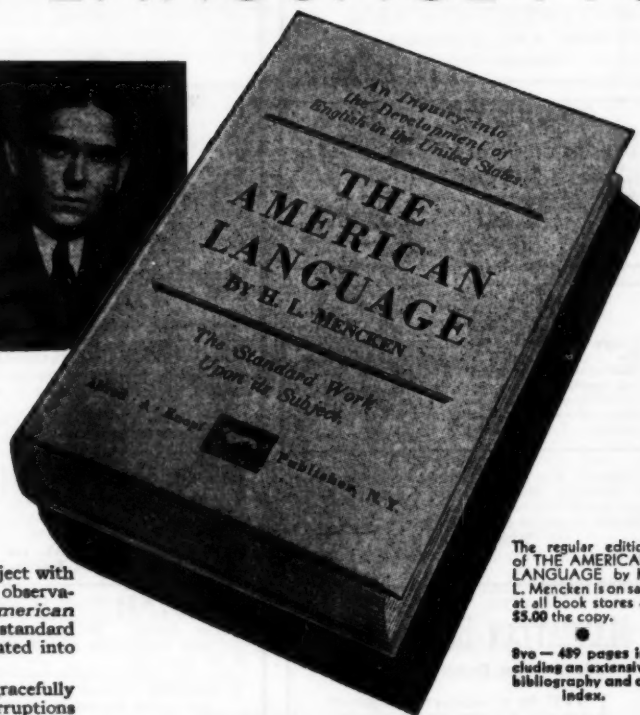
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